
Tempest
BY FERRES
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THE EDITOR

TEMPEST

FERRES

Tempest

The Human Empire has reached the very limits of it's expansion. Their armies, bred for war, had no equal. Their mighty war fleets, ever victorious, have eliminated all challenges before them. Humanity was now the sole power of a vast network of worlds and star systems.

But as humanity spread, so did all their hidden evils. Scratch the surface of any Aristocrat and you find the festerings of greed, envy and the lust for power.

Soon enough; when there were no more enemies to fight, the great Generals with their mighty armies turned against each other, seeking to gain more power for themselves. This great chaos lasted for a thousand years. Worlds disappeared from the Imperial star maps, totally obliterated by the ensuing conflagration.

No sooner had one Usurper taken the throne of imperial power, another would dispatch him and take his place in the next bloodbath. This became the norm for a thousand years, until a new God arouse from the ashes of an old religion. He sent forth his word and both great and small listened. Humanity cried out for peace and it became so.

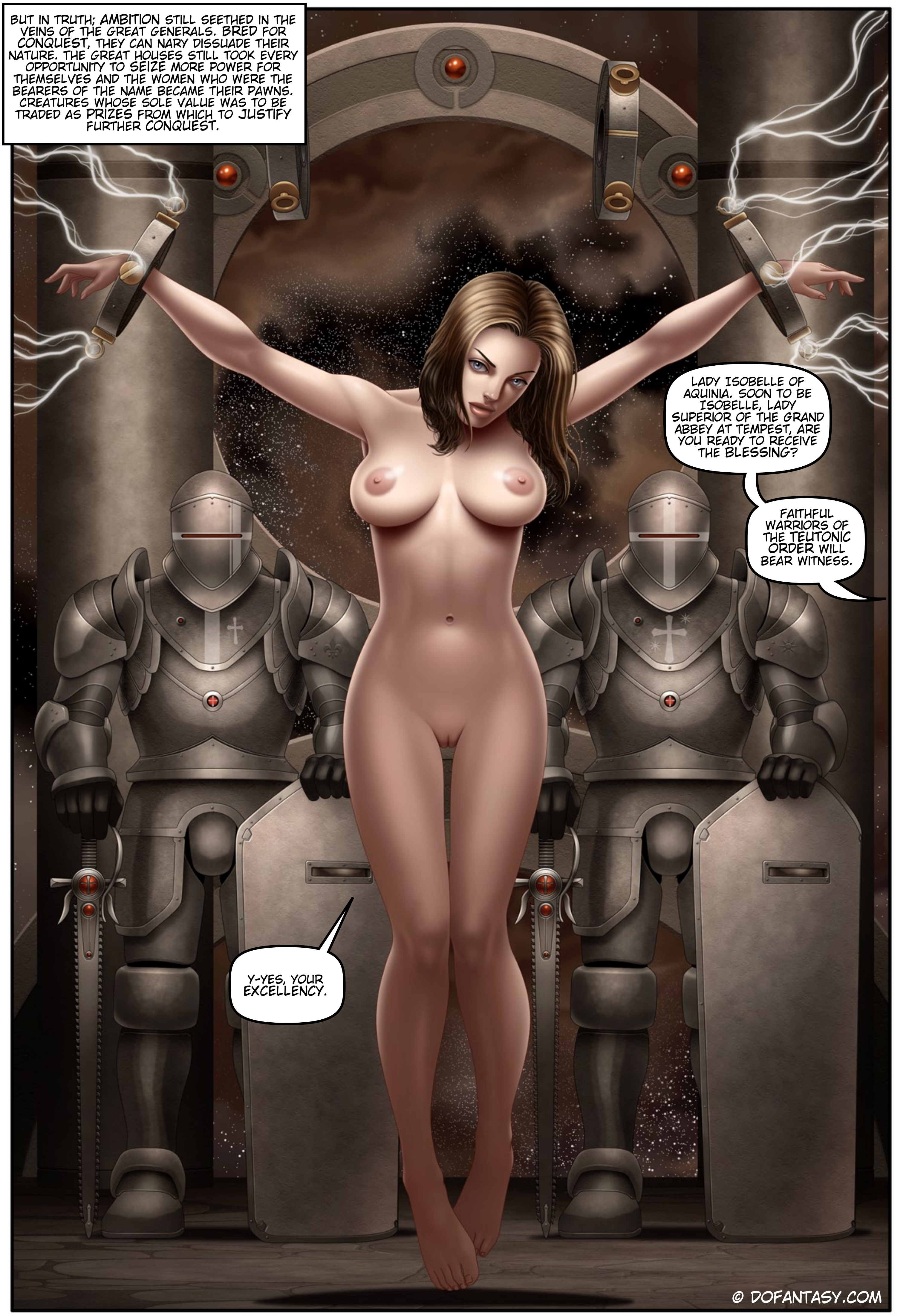
A treaty was ratified among the warring factions. A line of succession was to be set in stone. Only a woman can bear the child that would carry on the name of a Great House. The Emperor was reinstated with all his powers to become a counter weight to the other great houses. A Primate was chosen among the faithful to become the spiritual heart of the Empire.

These three forces would balance the Empire and brought peace. And thus for a time, the guns of the war fleets were silent.

It became law that a girl from each of the Ruling Houses would be chosen. she would be the bearer of the name and the genetic marker of her lineage. She would then be taken into the protection of the Primate, to preserve the family line.

For the next thousand years there was relative peace.




BUT IN TRUTH; AMBITION STILL SEETHED IN THE VEINS OF THE GREAT GENERALS. BRED FOR CONQUEST, THEY CAN NARY DISSUADE THEIR NATURE. THE GREAT HOUSES STILL TOOK EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO SEIZE MORE POWER FOR THEMSELVES AND THE WOMEN WHO WERE THE BEARERS OF THE NAME BECAME THEIR PAWNS. CREATURES WHOSE SOLE VALUE WAS TO BE TRADED AS PRIZES FROM WHICH TO JUSTIFY FURTHER CONQUEST.
LADY ISOBELLE OF AQUINIA. SOON TO BE ISOBELLE, LADY SUPERIOR OF THE GRAND ABBEY AT TEMPEST, ARE YOU READY TO RECEIVE THE BLESSING?
FAITHFUL WARRIORS OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER WILL BEAR WITNESS.
Y-YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY.



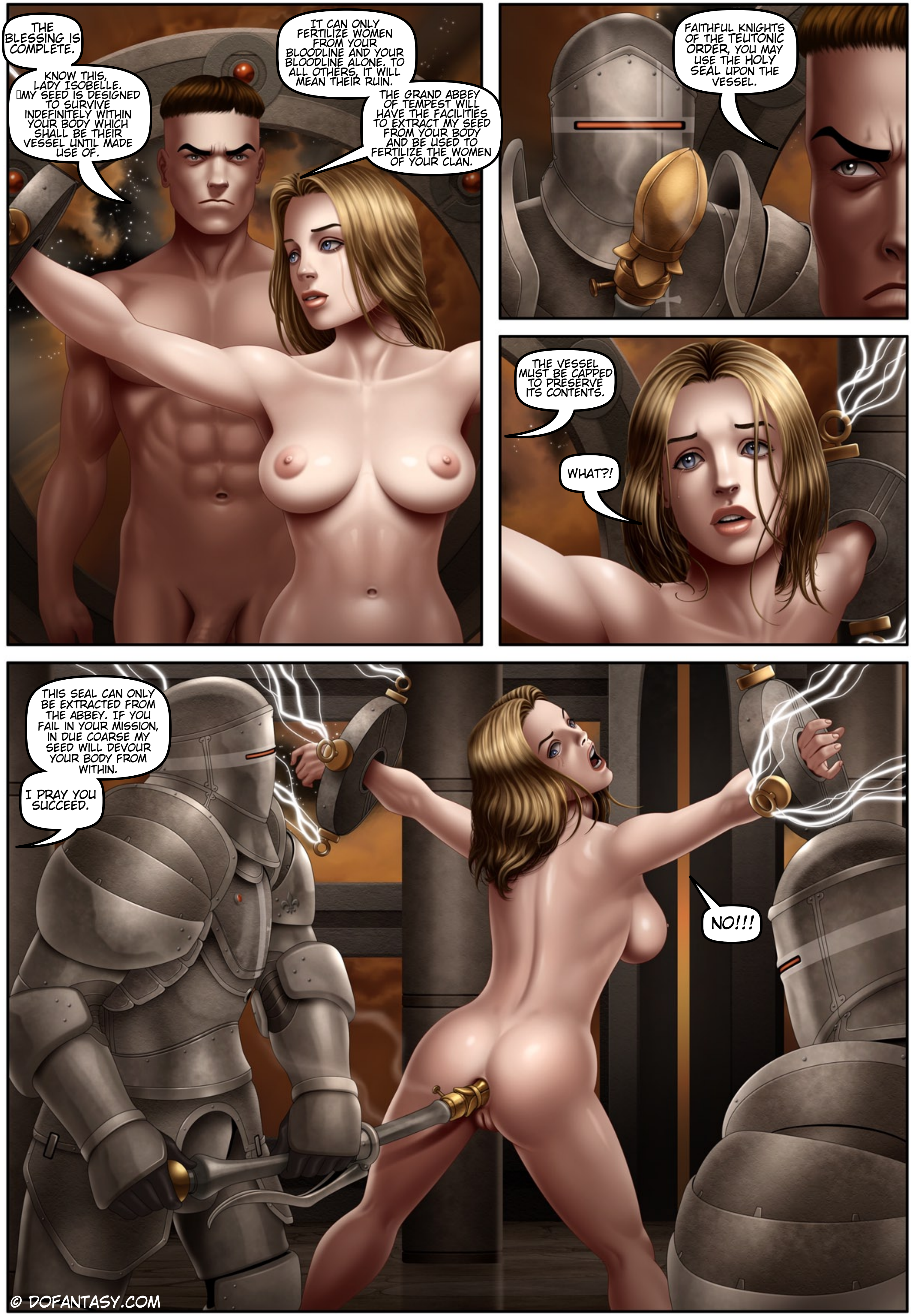
THE BLESSING IS A GREAT HONOR TO BE RECEIVED BY ONE WHOSE FAMILY NO LONGER BEARS THE NAME. IT IS THE WISDOM OF THE PRIMATE THAT YOU BE GRANTED THE GRAND ABBEY OF TEMPEST AND RECOVER THE LOST HONOR OF YOUR LINEAGE.
I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE NOT FAMILIAR OF THIS CEREMONY.
THE STING OF THE WHIP IS TO REMIND YOU OF THE GREAT IMPORTANCE YOUR POSITION WILL HOLD.
MONSEIGNEUR, PLEASE GRANT ME A MOMENT TO...
SILENCE! THIS PART OF THE HOLY CEREMONY ALLOWS YOU NO VOICE. BUT YOU MAY SCREAM AS MUCH AS YOU SO DESIRE.
AAAIEEH!!!
THE SEER WHIP RE-MOLDS ITSELF TO THE TASK, PERFECTLY ALIGNING TO THE CURVES OF THE BODY TO MAKE THE MOST IMPACT.
IT'S TENDRILS PURPOSELY SEEK OUT THE NERVE POINTS.
AAAGH!!!
AAAIEEH!!!
IT KNOWS WHERE IT IS MOST PAINFUL BEFORE IT DELIVERS IT'S HARDEST STING.

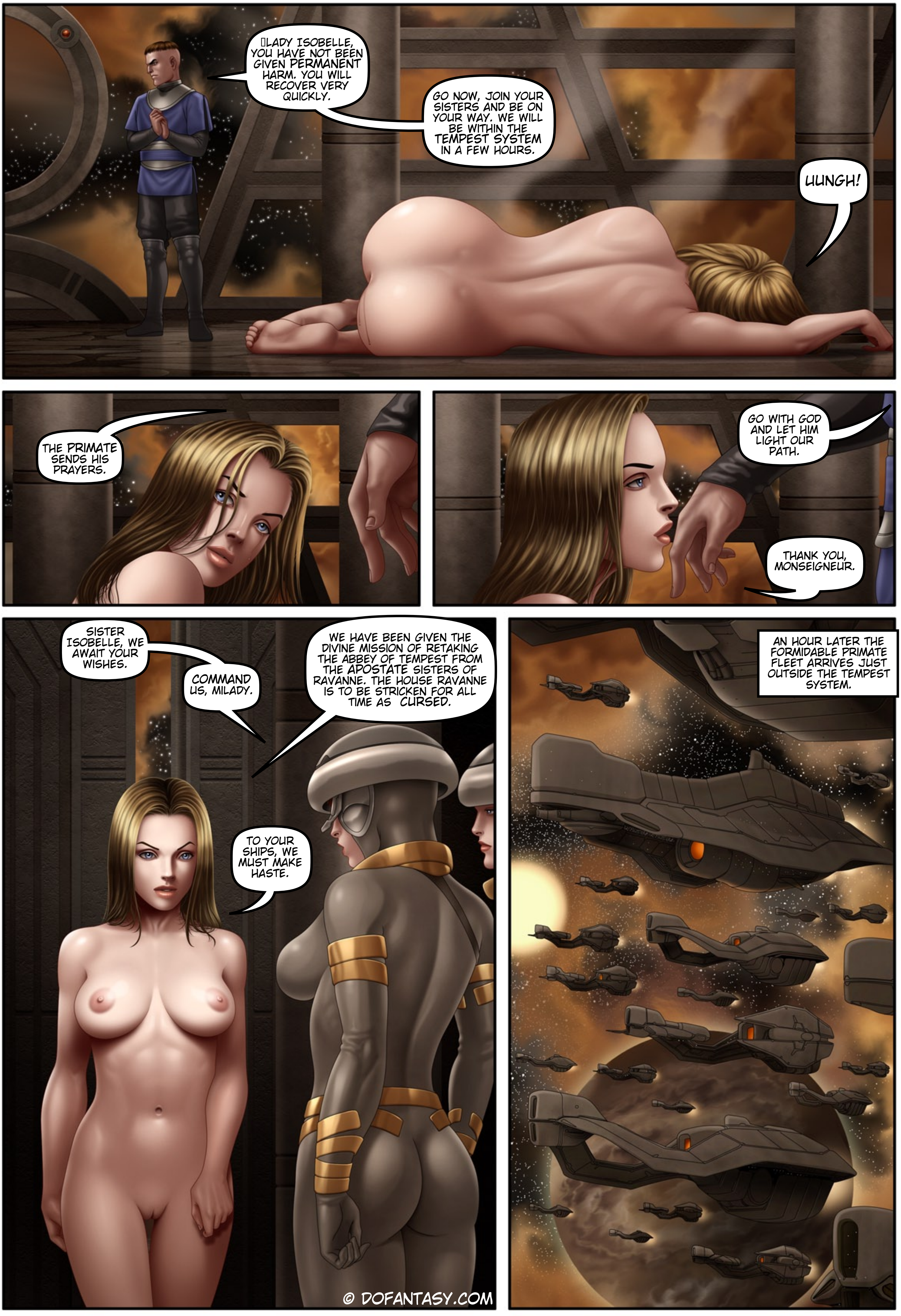

THE SEER WHIP HAS SUFFICIENTLY TASTED YOUR FLESH. IT NOW KNOWS YOUR BODY AND WILL INFLICT IT'S STING WITH GREATER EFFICACY.
HUH-HUH!
AAGH!
AAAIEEH!!!
AAAIYEEH!
AAAIEEH!!!
AAAGH!
IT LIKES YOUR TASTE, LADY ISOBELLE. THE WHIP VIBRATES WITH THE ANTICIPATION OF USE.
IT ALMOST LEAPS OUT TO CARESS YOUR SUBLIME FLESH. YOU MAY TAKE THAT AS A COMPLEMENT.
IT IS DONE. YOU HAVE DEMONSTRATED THE TRUE QUALITIES OF A NOBLE BORN WOMAN. NOW, ARE YOU READY FOR THE ANNOINTING? THE TRUE PART OF THE BLESSING.
YOU MAY SPEAK TO ANSWER MY QUESTIONS, LADY ISOBELLE.
Y-YES, MONSEIGNEUR.


EXCELLENT!
AAAGH!
WHEN YOU HAVE TAKEN YOUR PLACE, THESE WILL HAVE BETTER USE THAN MERE FONDLING. IT WILL SUCKLE THE FUTURE OF YOUR CLAN.
HNNNH!
YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO TAKE PART IN THE CARNAL PLEASURES RESERVED FOR NOBLE LORDS AS LADY ISOBELLE OF TEMPEST.
...AND WHEN YOU HAVE HAD CHILDREN, THEY WILL BE HEIRS TO THE REVIVAL OF THE HOUSE AQUINIA.
ALLOW YOUR LEGS TO PART, LADY ISOBELLE OF AQUINIA.
OUR GOD BEARS WITNESS UPON YOUR ANNOINTMENT.
YOU MAY FIND THIS PART A LITTLE MORE... SHALL WE SAY PLEASURABLE.
HUNGH!

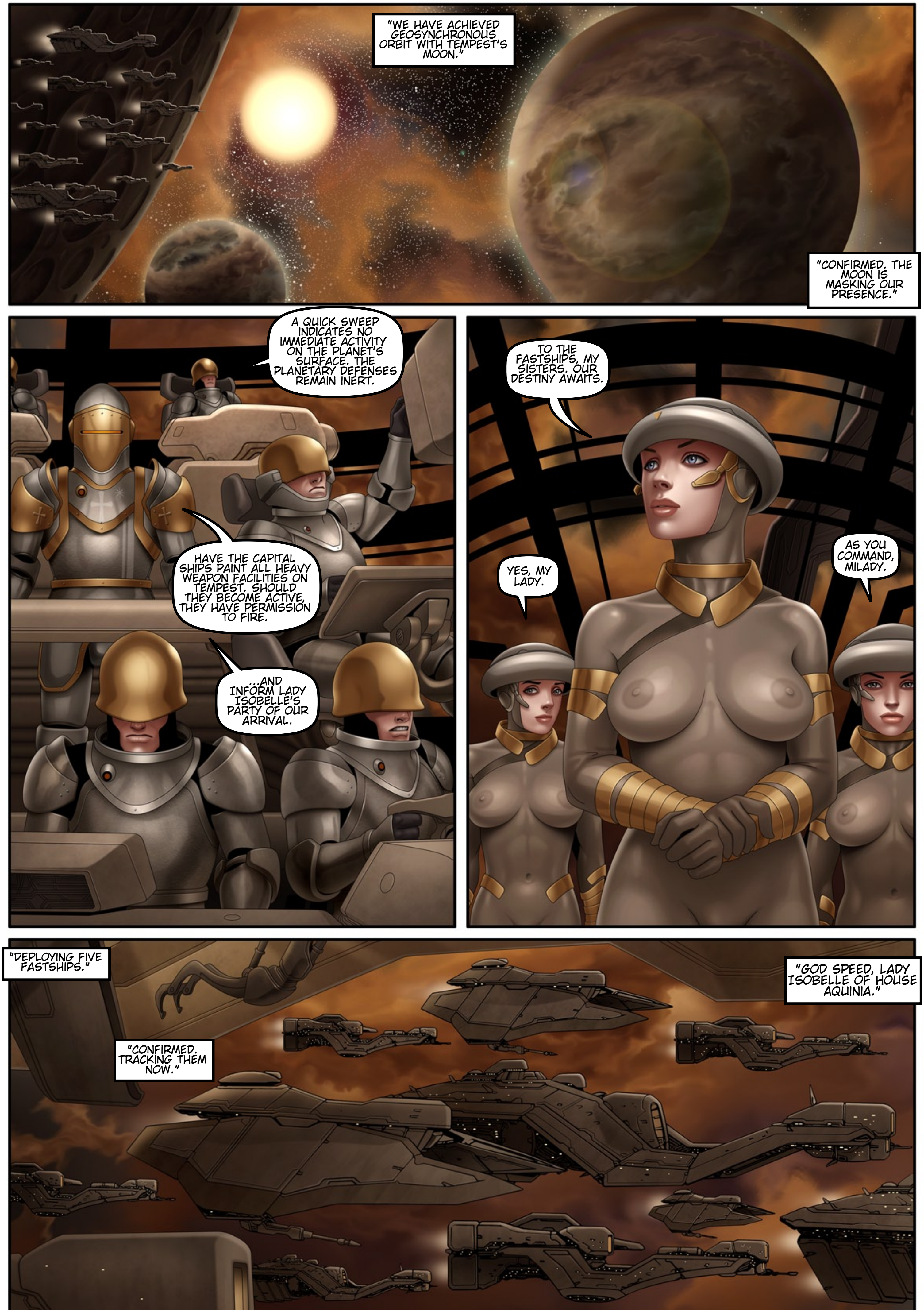

NO!? LEG CLAMPS THEN, IF MODESTY IS TOO DIFFICULT TO OVERCOME.
HUH-HUH!
AAGH!
BETTER! NOW WE ARE READY.
I AM THE SEED BEARER. IT IS MY SACRED DUTY TO GIVE RISE TO YOUR LINEAGE ONCE MORE. YOU ARE THE NAME BEARER AND YOU WILL USE YOUR BODY TO SAFEGUARD MY SEED.
HUNGH!
MY SEED BURNS LIKE FIRE SO YOU MUST NOT CARRY IT IN YOUR WOMB, LESS YOU WISH TO BE LAID BARREN.
HOLD FAST FOR I DO NOT HESITATE!
HNNNH!
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I SEE YOU HAVE NOT ALLOWED YOURSELF TO BE MADE USE OFF BY OTHERS. I COMMEND YOUR VOW OF CHASTITY.
AAAGH!
S-STOP! IT'S LIKE I'M BEING TORN IN HALF, MONSEIGNEUR.
AAAIYEEH!
SILENCE AND MAKE YOUR PENITENCE! UTTER ONE MORE WORD AND I SHALL BURN YOUR WOMB AND END YOUR LINEAGE RIGHT HERE AND NOW.
AAAGH!
I AM ALMOST DONE.
AAAIYEEH!
POOR LADY ISOBELLE!
HUSH! THIS SACRIFICE IS FOR OUR BENEFIT.
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THE BLESSING IS COMPLETE.
KNOW THIS, LADY ISOBELLE. MY SEED IS DESIGNED TO SURVIVE INDEFINITELY WITHIN YOUR BODY WHICH SHALL BE THEIR VESSEL UNTIL MADE USE OF.
IT CAN ONLY FERTILIZE WOMEN FROM YOUR BLOODLINE AND YOUR BLOODLINE ALONE. TO ALL OTHERS, IT WILL MEAN THEIR RUIN.
THE GRAND ABBEY OF TEMPEST WILL HAVE THE FACILITIES TO EXTRACT MY SEED FROM YOUR BODY AND BE USED TO FERTILIZE THE WOMEN OF YOUR CLAN.
FAITHFUL KNIGHTS OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER, YOU MAY USE THE HOLY SEAL UPON THE VESSEL.
THE VESSEL MUST BE CAPPED TO PRESERVE ITS CONTENTS.
WHAT?!
THIS SEAL CAN ONLY BE EXTRACTED FROM THE ABBEY. IF YOU FAIL IN YOUR MISSION, IN DUE COARSE MY SEED WILL DEVOUR YOUR BODY FROM WITHIN.
I PRAY YOU SUCCEED.
NO!!!



LADY ISOBELLE, YOU HAVE NOT BEEN GIVEN PERMANENT HARM. YOU WILL RECOVER VERY QUICKLY.
GO NOW, JOIN YOUR SISTERS AND BE ON YOUR WAY. WE WILL BE WITHIN THE TEMPEST SYSTEM IN A FEW HOURS.
UUNGH!
THE PRIMATE SENDS HIS PRAYERS.
GO WITH GOD AND LET HIM LIGHT OUR PATH.
THANK YOU, MONSEIGNEUR.
SISTER ISOBELLE, WE AWAIT YOUR WISHES.
COMMAND US, MILADY.
WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN THE DIVINE MISSION OF RETAKING THE ABBEY OF TEMPEST FROM THE APOSTATE SISTERS OF RAVANNE. THE HOUSE RAVANNE IS TO BE STRICKEN FOR ALL TIME AS CURSED.
TO YOUR SHIPS, WE MUST MAKE HASTE.
AN HOUR LATER THE FORMIDABLE PRIMATE FLEET ARRIVES JUST OUTSIDE THE TEMPEST SYSTEM.
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"WE HAVE ACHIEVED GEOSYNCHRONOUS ORBIT WITH TEMPEST'S MOON."
"CONFIRMED. THE MOON IS MASKING OUR PRESENCE."
A QUICK SWEEP INDICATES NO IMMEDIATE ACTIVITY ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE. THE PLANETARY DEFENSES REMAIN INERT.
HAVE THE CAPITAL SHIPS PAINT ALL HEAVY WEAPON FACILITIES ON TEMPEST. SHOULD THEY BECOME ACTIVE, THEY HAVE PERMISSION TO FIRE.
...AND INFORM LADY ISOBELLE'S PARTY OF OUR ARRIVAL.
TO THE FASTSHIPS, MY SISTERS. OUR DESTINY AWAITS.
YES, MY LADY.
AS YOU COMMAND, MILADY.
"DEPLOYING FIVE FASTSHIPS."
"CONFIRMED. TRACKING THEM NOW."
"GOD SPEED, LADY ISOBELLE OF HOUSE AQUINIA."
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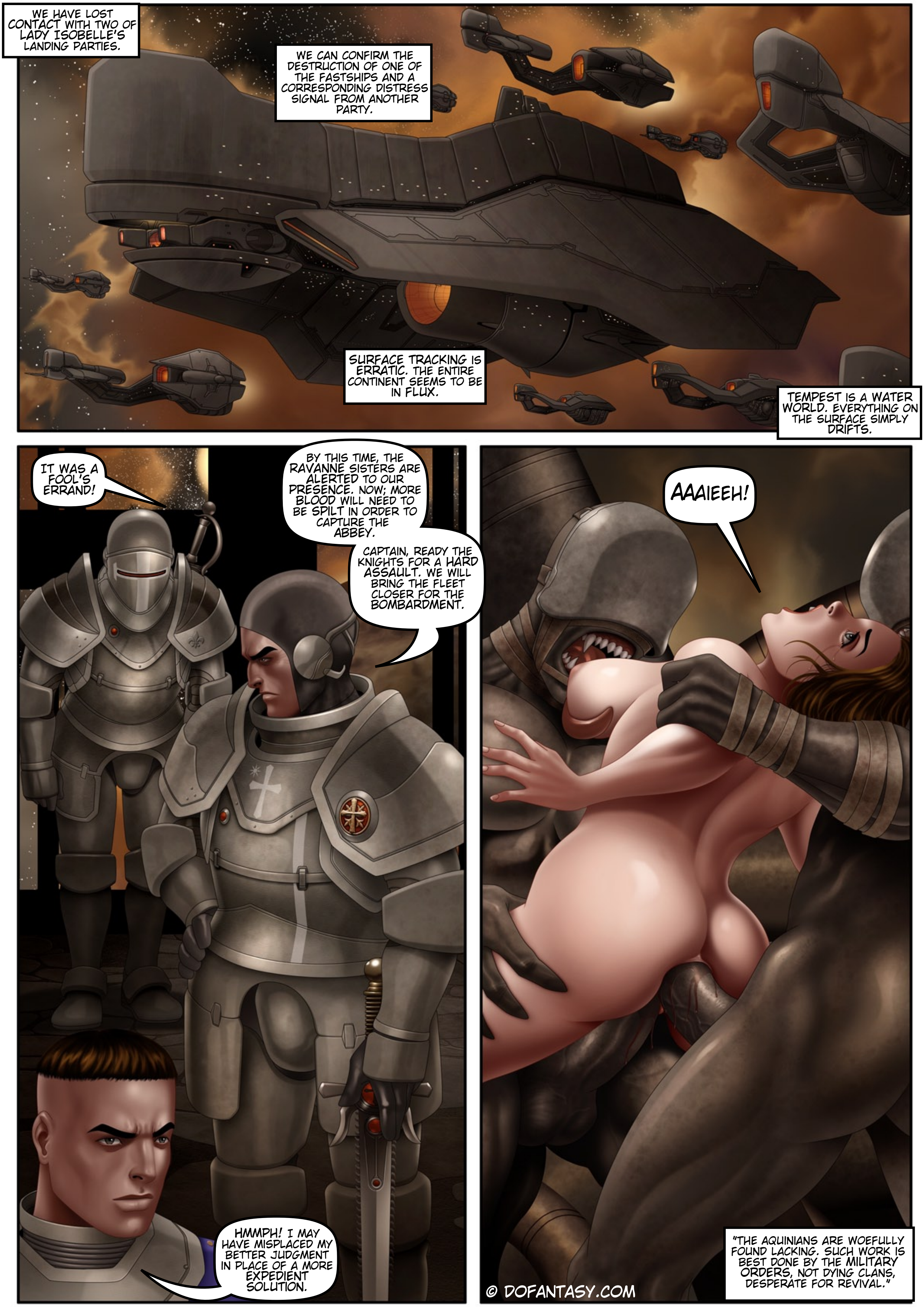

"I BEG YOUR PARDON, YOUR EMINENCE. BUT THIS A FOOLS ERRAND. HOW CAN A HANDFUL OF NUNS SECURE THE MOST HEAVILY PROTECTED PLACE ON THE PLANET."
"THEY ARE CHASTE MAIDENS OF ROYAL BLOOD. THE ABBEY'S DEFENSES WILL NOT TOUCH THEM. IT IS HARD CODED TO PROTECT, NOT HARM WOMEN OF ROYAL LINEAGE."
BUT YOUR EMINENCE. CLEARLY WE HAVE TAKEN THEM BY SURPRISE. SEND FORTH THE KNIGHTS AND LET US BE RID OF THESE RAVANE HARLOTS FOREVER.
PATIENCE, GRAND MASTER. LET US NOT TIP OUR HAND TO QUICKLY.
I HAVE GREAT RESPECT FOR THE POWER OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER. BUT LET US TRY A MORE SUBTLE APPROACH. THE PRIMATE WOULD PREFER TO TAKE THE ABBEY INTACT AS WELL AS THE NOVICES THAT DWELL WITHIN.
"IF LADY ISOBELLE SHOULD FAIL. THEN YOU WILL HAVE ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO DEMONSTRATE THE POWER OF YOUR KNIGHTS."
WE LOST FASTSHIP 2! THE NAVIGATION SENSORS ARE OFF. THE COORDINATES DON'T MATCH ANY PREVIOUS SENSOR READING!
THIS IS TOO DANGEROUS! INSTRUCT ALL SHIPS TO LAND. WE WILL MOVE ON FOOT.
MILADY, OUR SISTERS ARE SCATTERED OVER A 20 KILOMETER RADIUS BUT HAVE MADE SAFE LANDINGS.
TELL THEM TO PROCEED TO OUR PREVIOUS LANDING COORDINATES.
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BE QUICK, SISTERS. WE HAVE THE MISFORTUNE OF LANDING THE FARTHEST FROM OUR RENDEZVOUS POINT. OUR SISTERS MAY GROW IMPATIENT AND MOVE ON THEIR OWN.

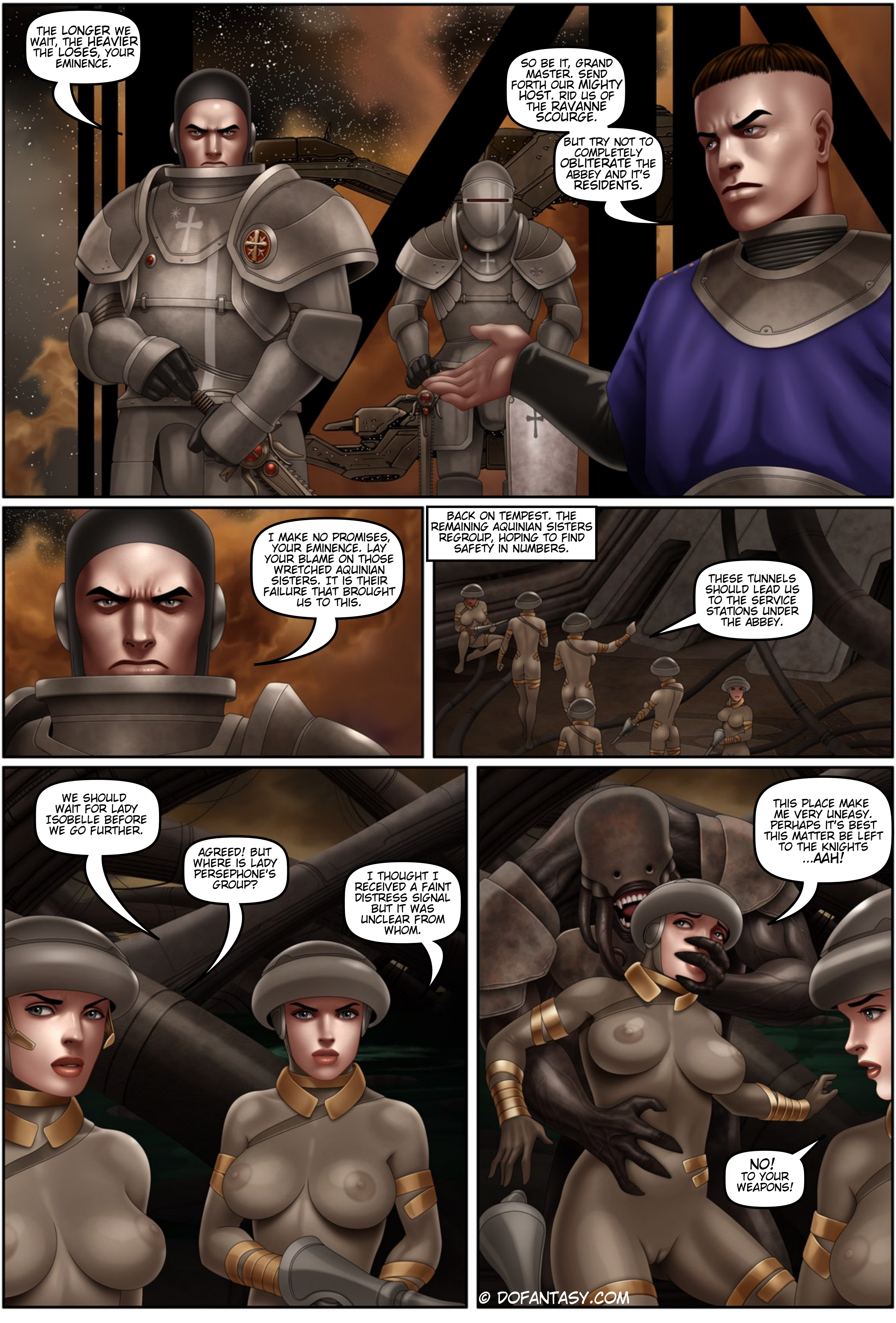

WOMEN? IS THIS WHAT THEY SEND?
ROYALS, UNDOUBTEDLY. OR ELSE THE AUTO GUNS WOULD HAVE DESTROYED THEM ALREADY. LET'S TAKE THEM!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE! THEY ARE OUTSIDE OUR PROTECTIVE FIELD. OUR WEAPONS WILL BE USELESS BEYOND THIS AREA.
WISE CHOICE. THE LADY SUPERIOR HAS OTHER PLANS FOR THEM.
ALREADY THE ABYSS SIMIANS HAVE THEIR SCENT. YOU WOULD NOT WANT TO BE BETWEEN THEM AND THEIR PREY.
JUST SIT BACK AND WATCH. THIS WILL BE QUITE A SHOW.
M-MY WEAPON IS NOT FUNCTIONING! I NEED A NEW WEAPON! WE'RE DEFENSELESS!
HUSH AND STAY CALM! WE HAVE WANDERED INTO ONE OF THE MANY EXCLUSION ZONES. NO POWERED WEAPON WILL WORK HERE.
WE SHOULD REGAIN USE OF THEM ONCE WE REACH THE RENDEZVOUS POINT.
MOVEMENT... I SEE MOVEMENT! OVER THERE!
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WHAT IS IT!?
...LURKING IN THE SHADOWS. IT WAS SOME KIND OF CREATURE. -NOT HUMAN. IT WAS LARGER THAN A MAN.
BE READY FOR ANYTHING. SWITCH TO HAND TO HAND WEAPONS.
USE YOUR BRAZEN KNIVES.
TRY TO MAKE IT BACK TO THE FASTSHIP AND WARN THE OTHERS.
THERE! I SEE THEM.
WHERE?!
"MY GOD! SO MANY!"
WHA- WHAT ARE THEY!?
AAGH! THEY'RE TOO FAST!
AAAIEEH!!! NO!
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"THE ABYSS SIMIANS MAYBE BLIND BUT THEIR OTHER SENSES ARE RAZOR SHARP. THEY CAN TASTE THE AIR AND FOLLOW SCENT TRAILS MANY LEAGUES AWAY."
GOD HELP US! W-WHAT ARE THEY?!
"THEY FEAR NOTHING. DEVOID OF SIGHT AND HEARING THEY ARE NOT PRONE TO COMMON TERRORS."
ACK!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
HNNNH!
FLICK!
SHLICK!
"THEY ARE BRED FROM HUMANS AND ARE STILL SUSCEPTIBLE TO EARTHLY, PRIMAL PASSIONS."
RIIIP!
NO!
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S-STOP! GOD, NO! DON'T!
"KEEP YOUR DISTANCE. THEY WILL KILL YOU IF YOU INTRUDE IN THEIR ACTIVITIES."


MMMNH!
"LET THEM SATIATE THEMSELVES WITH THIS ROYALS."
NO! DON'T! Y-YOU CAN'T...
"THEY'LL BE KILLED!"
"WE LIVE AND DIE UNDER THE THUMBS OF THESE ROYALS. I HAVE NO PITY FOR THEIR ARROGANT ASSES."
AAAIYEEH!
"WILL GET TO THEM WHEN THEY FINISH. NO POINT IN RUINING A GOOD SHOW."
MNNNH!
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WE HAVE LOST CONTACT WITH TWO OF LADY ISOBELLE'S LANDING PARTIES.
WE CAN CONFIRM THE DESTRUCTION OF ONE OF THE FASTSHIPS AND A CORRESPONDING DISTRESS SIGNAL FROM ANOTHER PARTY.
SURFACE TRACKING IS ERRATIC. THE ENTIRE CONTINENT SEEMS TO BE IN FLUX.
TEMPEST IS A WATER WORLD. EVERYTHING ON THE SURFACE SIMPLY DRIFTS.
IT WAS A FOOL'S ERRAND!
BY THIS TIME, THE RAVANNE SISTERS ARE ALERTED TO OUR PRESENCE. NOW; MORE BLOOD WILL NEED TO BE SPILT IN ORDER TO CAPTURE THE ABBEY.
CAPTAIN, READY THE KNIGHTS FOR A HARD ASSAULT. WE WILL BRING THE FLEET CLOSER FOR THE BOMBARDMENT.
HMMPH! I MAY HAVE MISPLACED MY BETTER JUDGMENT IN PLACE OF A MORE EXPEDIENT SOLUTION.
AAAIEEH!
"THE AQUINIANS ARE WOEFULLY FOUND LACKING. SUCH WORK IS BEST DONE BY THE MILITARY ORDERS, NOT DYING CLANS, DESPERATE FOR REVIVAL."
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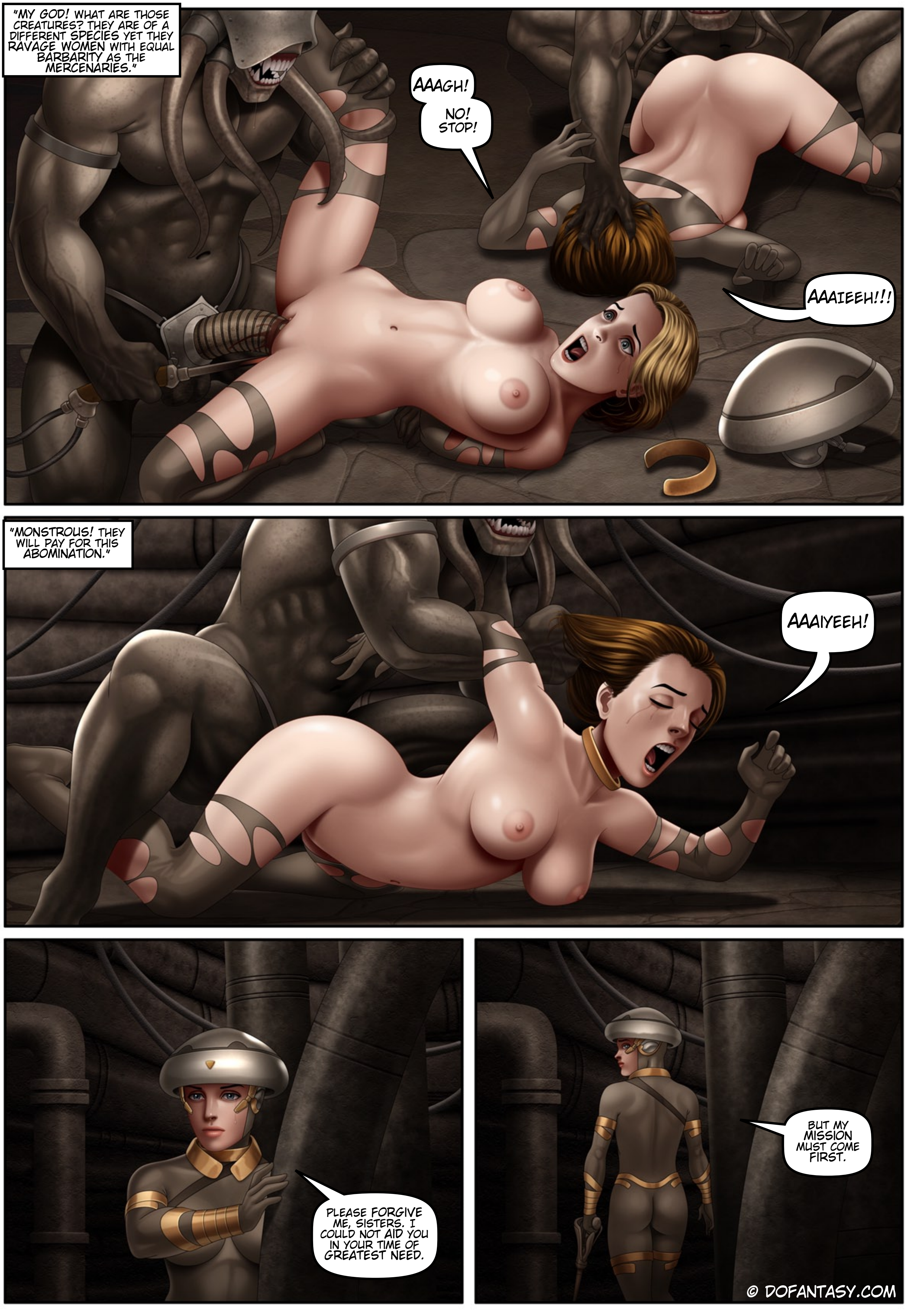

THE LONGER WE WAIT, THE HEAVIER THE LOSES, YOUR EMINENCE.
SO BE IT, GRAND MASTER. SEND FORTH OUR MIGHTY HOST. RID US OF THE RAVANNE SCOURGE.
BUT TRY NOT TO COMPLETELY OBLITERATE THE ABBEY AND IT'S RESIDENTS.
I MAKE NO PROMISES, YOUR EMINENCE. LAY YOUR BLAME ON THOSE WRETCHED AQUINIAN SISTERS. IT IS THEIR FAILURE THAT BROUGHT US TO THIS.
BACK ON TEMPEST. THE REMAINING AQUINIAN SISTERS REGROUP, HOPING TO FIND SAFETY IN NUMBERS.
THESE TUNNELS SHOULD LEAD US TO THE SERVICE STATIONS UNDER THE ABBEY.
WE SHOULD WAIT FOR LADY ISOBELLE BEFORE WE GO FURTHER.
AGREED! BUT WHERE IS LADY PERSEPHONE'S GROUP?
I THOUGHT I RECEIVED A FAINT DISTRESS SIGNAL BUT IT WAS UNCLEAR FROM WHOM.
THIS PLACE MAKE ME VERY UNEASY. PERHAPS IT'S BEST THIS MATTER BE LEFT TO THE KNIGHTS ...AAH!
NO! TO YOUR WEAPONS!
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FUCKIN' ROYALS! THEY STILL LIVE EVEN AFTER A ROUND WITH THE ABYSS SIMIANS.
THEY'RE ALL NOTHING BUT IMPERIAL WHORES BORN FOR BREEDING.
HUNGH! NO MORE! PLEASE!
HELP US!
HNNNH!
SPARE US! WE BEG YOU! AAAGH!
THIS ONE IS NOT LIKELY TO LAST. TAKE THE OTHERS AWAY AND LEAVE THIS ONE TO THE ABYSS SIMIANS. THEY MAY STILL BE A LITTLE ROWDY. BEST TO LEAVE THEM SOMETHING TO PLAY WITH.


OUR SISTERS ARE IN DANGER! I AM RECEIVING DISTRESS SIGNALS FROM ALL THE OTHER TEAMS.
WHA-WHAT SHALL WE DO? WE NEED TO CALL IN SUPPORT.
WE ARE THE ONLY ONES HERE. WE ARE THE SUPPORT!
QUICKLY SISTERS! OUR KIN ARE IN NEED OF OUR AID.
S-SISTER PERSEPHONE?!
YOU'VE COME, LADY ISOBELLE. THANK GOD YOU ARE SAFE. THEY WERE SO MANY AND OUR WEAPONS WERE USELESS. THEY TOOK THE OTHERS...
W-WHAT HAS DONE SUCH EVIL?
FLEE, MISTRESS! YOU CAN DO NOTHING. FOR THE SAKE OF OUR HOUSE AND THE NAME YOU BEAR. FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES.
HUSH! SAVE YOUR STRENGTH. WE WILL GET YOU BACK TO SAFETY.
I AM NEAR THE THRESHOLD, MISTRESS. THIS IS WHY I WAS NOT TAKEN. YOU CAN DO NO MORE FOR ME.
SISTER PERSEPHONE, PLEASE DON'T TALK THAT WAY. SNIFF...


SISTER PERSEPHONE? IS SHE?
SHE IS GONE. MAY GOD FORGIVE HER SINS AND ALLOW HER PASSAGE THROUGH THE GATES OF HEAVEN.
CAMILLA, MIA! GO BACK TO THE FASTSHIP AND RETURN TO THE FLEET.
I WILL CONTINUE THE MISSION ON MY OWN.
BUT WE WOULD BE DISGRACED.
THAT IS OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE NOW. SHOULD I FAIL, YOU TWO WILL CARRY ON OUR LINEAGE. IF WE ALL PERISH HERE, OUR HOUSE WILL BE FOREVER LOST.
... AND HUNDREDS OF GENERATIONS OF OUR FAMILY HISTORY WILL CEASE TO EXIST.
BUT SISTER ISOBELLE... HOW COULD YOU ALONE DO THIS?
I COMMITTED OUR SISTERHOOD TO THIS SACRED TASK. I TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR IT'S SUCCESS OR FAILURE. SHOULD I NOT RETURN, SOMEONE MUST REMAIN TO CARRY ON THE BLOODLINE.
NOW GO! THIS IS MY COMMAND!


I WAS TOO QUICK TO ACCEPT THE PRIMATE'S REQUEST. I WAS A FOOL NOT TO HAVE DOUBTS. BLINDED BY MY OWN AMBITION. NOW, THE VERY EXISTENCE OF HOUSE AQUINIA HANGS IN THE BALANCE.
VOICES AHEAD?
YOU'RE GONNA ENJOY THIS, MILADY. I HEAR YOU ROYAL BITCHES ARE PARTIAL TO PAIN.
LOWER CASTE FOOTMEN. MERCENARIES IN THE SERVICE OF RAVANNE?
AAAIYEEH!
"MY GOD! THEY HAVE MY SISTERS!"
HNNGH! P-PLEASE NO! NOT THAT!
SEE THIS? IT MAY NOT BE AS FANCY AS THEM SEER WHIPS, BUT THEY CAN STILL BE VERY EXCRUCIATING.
HAH! SHE LIKES IT ALRIGHT! ROYALS; HARLOTS ALL OF THEM.
AAGH! NO, STOP! IT HURTS!
WE HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED YET, YOUR LADYSHIP.


"MY GOD! WHAT ARE THOSE CREATURES? THEY ARE OF A DIFFERENT SPECIES YET THEY RAVAGE WOMEN WITH EQUAL BARBARITY AS THE MERCENARIES."
AAAGH!
NO! STOP!
AAAIEEH!!!
"MONSTROUS! THEY WILL PAY FOR THIS ABOMINATION."
AAAIYEEH!
PLEASE FORGIVE ME, SISTERS. I COULD NOT AID YOU IN YOUR TIME OF GREATEST NEED.
BUT MY MISSION MUST COME FIRST.
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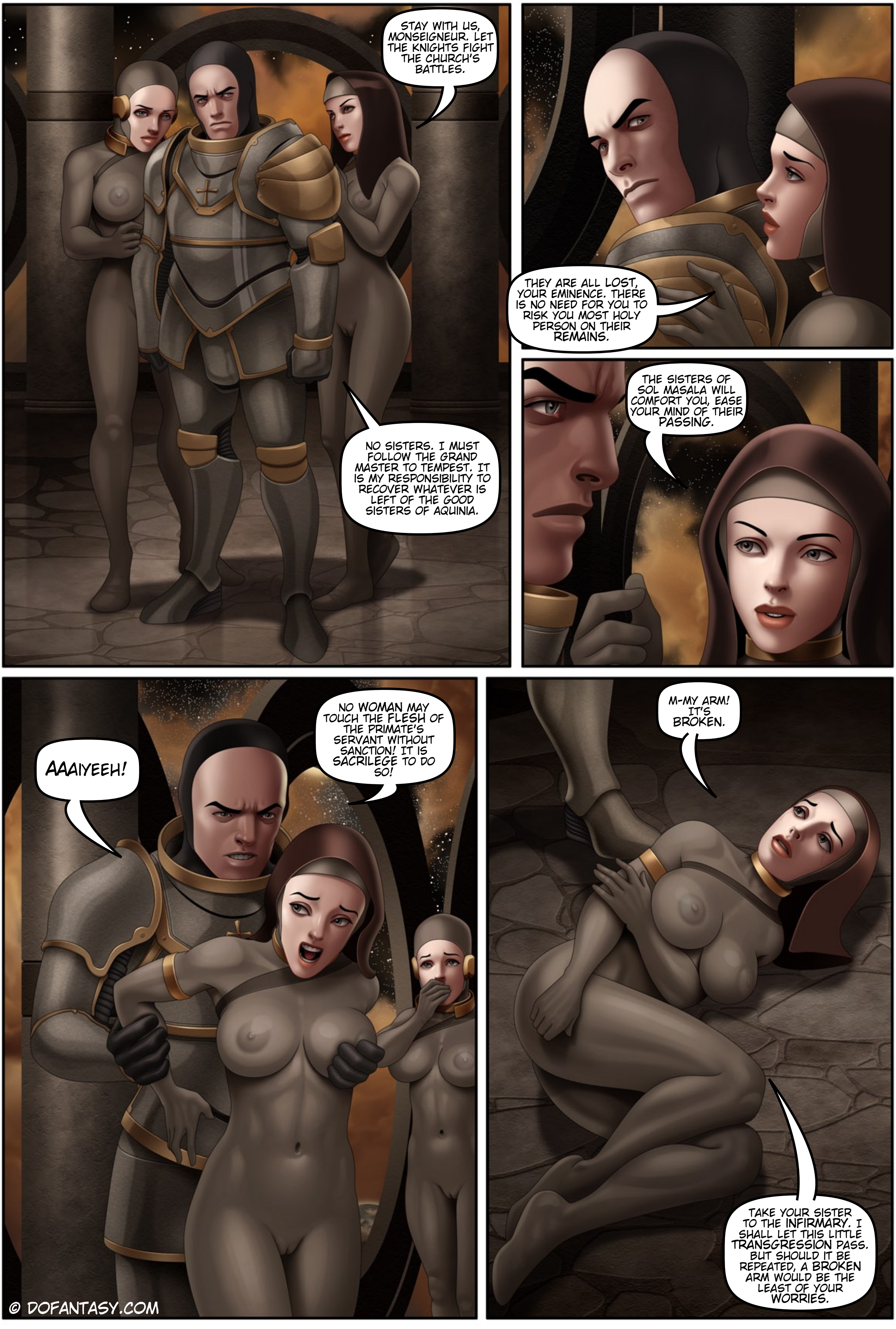


THERE! THEY HAVEN'T CLOSED OFF THE AQUATIC VENTS.
AAAGH!
"I PRAY MY SISTERS PLEAS AND SCREAMS WILL DISTRACT THE MERCENARIES LONG ENOUGH..."
YOUR SACRIFICE WILL NOT BE IN VAIN, DEAR SISTERS.
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, ROYAL? GET USED TO IT. WHERE YOU'RE GOING, THIS WILL SEEM LIKE HEAVEN.
GIVE 'ER A FULL CHARGE! SHE CAN HANDLE IT. THE MISTRESS PREFERS THEM MUTED AND DOCILE BEFORE BEING PRESENTED TO HER BENEFACTORS.
AAAIYEEH!
VZZZOT!!!
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THESE WATERS ARE QUITE WARM. THE VENTS ADJACENT TO THE ABBEY MUST BE CLOSE.
WHAT IS THAT SILHOUETTE?! IT'S FOLLOWING ME.
IT APPEARS TO HAVE QUASI-AMPHIBIAN ADAPTATIONS.
IT HAS SENSED MY PRESENCE IN THE WATER! ...DRAWING CLOSER!
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UNGH!
WHAT FIENDISH CREATURE IS THIS?! ANOTHER OF THE RAVANE'S ABOMINATIONS? IT'S REMARKABLY AGILE IN THE WATER.
AAGH! I CAN BARELY SEE IT COME AT ME.
NO! MY WEAPON.
THIS CREATURE IS MERELY TOYING WITH ME. IT'S IN ITS ELEMENT.
MY BLADES MAY NOT BE ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH SUCH A BEAST. I HAVE TO GET TO THE AQUATIC VENTS BEFORE THIS THING OVERCOMES ME.
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EVEN MY BLADE WILL NOT CUT THROUGH IT'S SCALES!
AAAGH!
HNNNH!
BRING HER TO ME.
"SHE IS NOT FOR YOU, BE PATIENT MY PET."
UNGH..? NO!
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STAY WITH US, MONSEIGNEUR. LET THE KNIGHTS FIGHT THE CHURCH'S BATTLES.
NO SISTERS. I MUST FOLLOW THE GRAND MASTER TO TEMPEST. IT IS MY RESPONSIBILITY TO RECOVER WHATEVER IS LEFT OF THE GOOD SISTERS OF AQUINIA.
THEY ARE ALL LOST, YOUR EMINENCE. THERE IS NO NEED FOR YOU TO RISK YOU MOST HOLY PERSON ON THEIR REMAINS.
THE SISTERS OF SOL MASALA WILL COMFORT YOU, EASE YOUR MIND OF THEIR PASSING.
AAAIYEEH!
NO WOMAN MAY TOUCH THE FLESH OF THE PRIMATE'S SERVANT WITHOUT SANCTION! IT IS SACRILEGE TO DO SO!
M-MY ARM! IT'S BROKEN.
TAKE YOUR SISTER TO THE INFIRMARY. I SHALL LET THIS LITTLE TRANSGRESSION PASS. BUT SHOULD IT BE REPEATED, A BROKEN ARM WOULD BE THE LEAST OF YOUR WORRIES.
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"THE VANGUARD SQUADRON IS WITHIN RANGE OF THE PLANETARY DEFENSES. NO RESPONSE YET."
"THIS IS HIGHLY UNUSUAL. WE SHOULD BE GETTING SOME LEVEL OF FIRE BY NOW."
"BEGIN LAUNCHING RAPID ASSAULT VESSELS AND OPEN FIRE ON ALL PAINTED TARGETS."
"WE HAVE INCOMING FIRE. TWO SHIP DESTROYED ONE HEAVILY DAMAGED. BUT..."
"THEY'RE NOT FROM THE VANGUARD GROUP. ATTACK IS COMING FROM THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE AND IT IS MOBILE."
RECALCULATE FIRING SOLUTIONS AND FIND THE NEW TARGET, WHATEVER IT IS.
"WE HAVE CONFIRMED THE NEW TARGET. IT'S HUGE, COMING FROM JUST BEHIND TEMPEST. A LEVIATHAN CLASS."
"BRING THE FLEET AROUND AND ENGAGE THE HEATHEN HORDES!"
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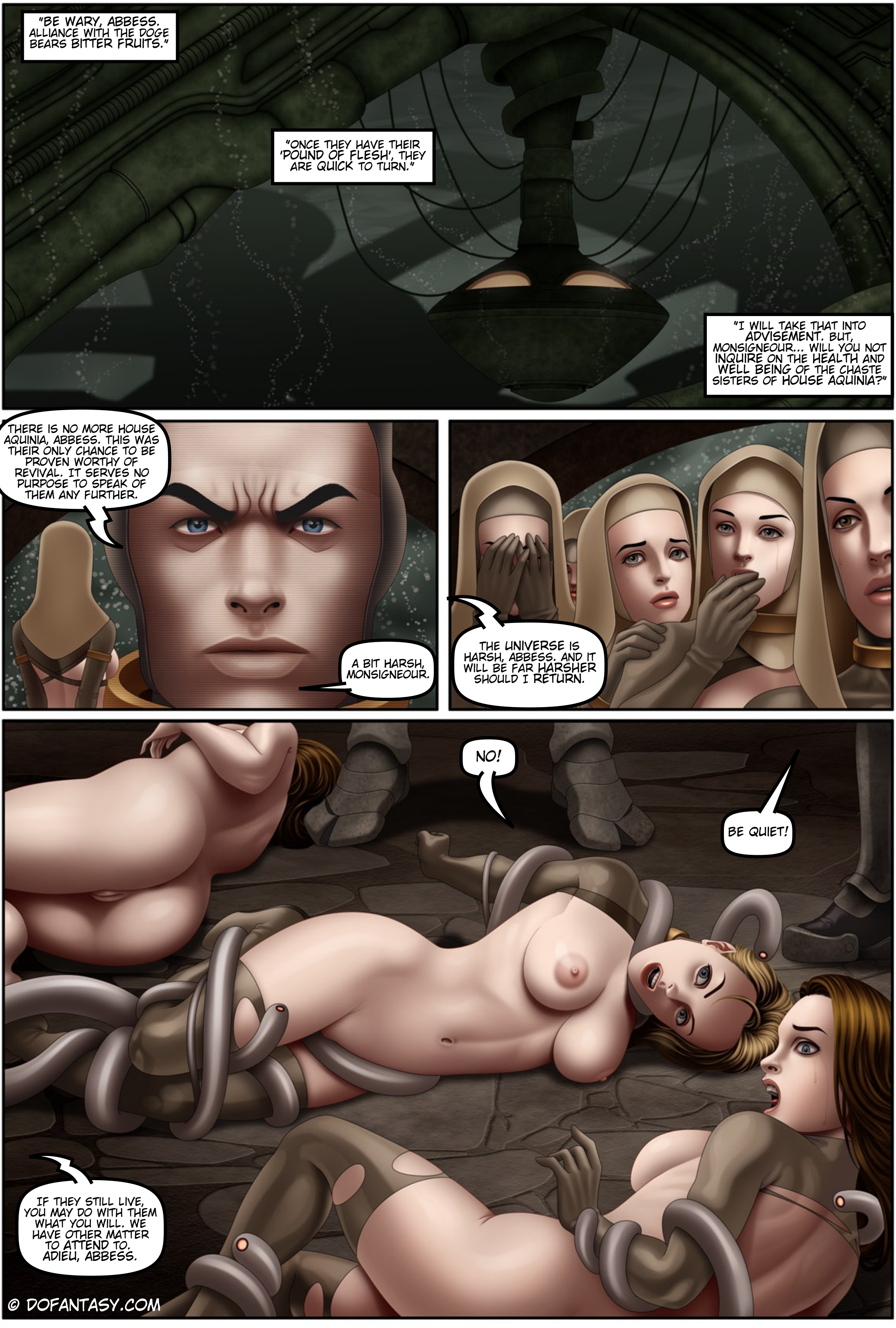

I'VE OPENED THE SEA GATE. HE'S COMING IN. BE READY WITH THE CRADLE.
AND DON'T BE OVER ZEALOUS WITH THE PUMPS. JUST KEEP A STEADY RISING RHYTHM.
YES, SISTER.
HOW IS SHE DOING?
SHE'S NEARING TO PEAK AGAIN. SHE'S BLEEDING A LITTLE.
YOU'VE FOOLISHLY MADE HER ORGASM EARLIER, HER FLOW WILL NOT BE AS PROFUSE. SHE MUST BE AT FULL ORGASM SO HER FLUIDS WOULD PERMEATE THE WATERS.
MAKE THAT MISTAKE AGAIN AND IT WILL BE YOU ON THAT CRADLE; PLAYING THE ROLE OF BATE.
BLOOD IS FINE. THE ADDED TASTE OF BLOOD SHOULD COMPENSATE.
MNNNH!!!
Y-YES, SISTER.
THERE! I SEE THEM. MAX THE PUMPS, NOW!
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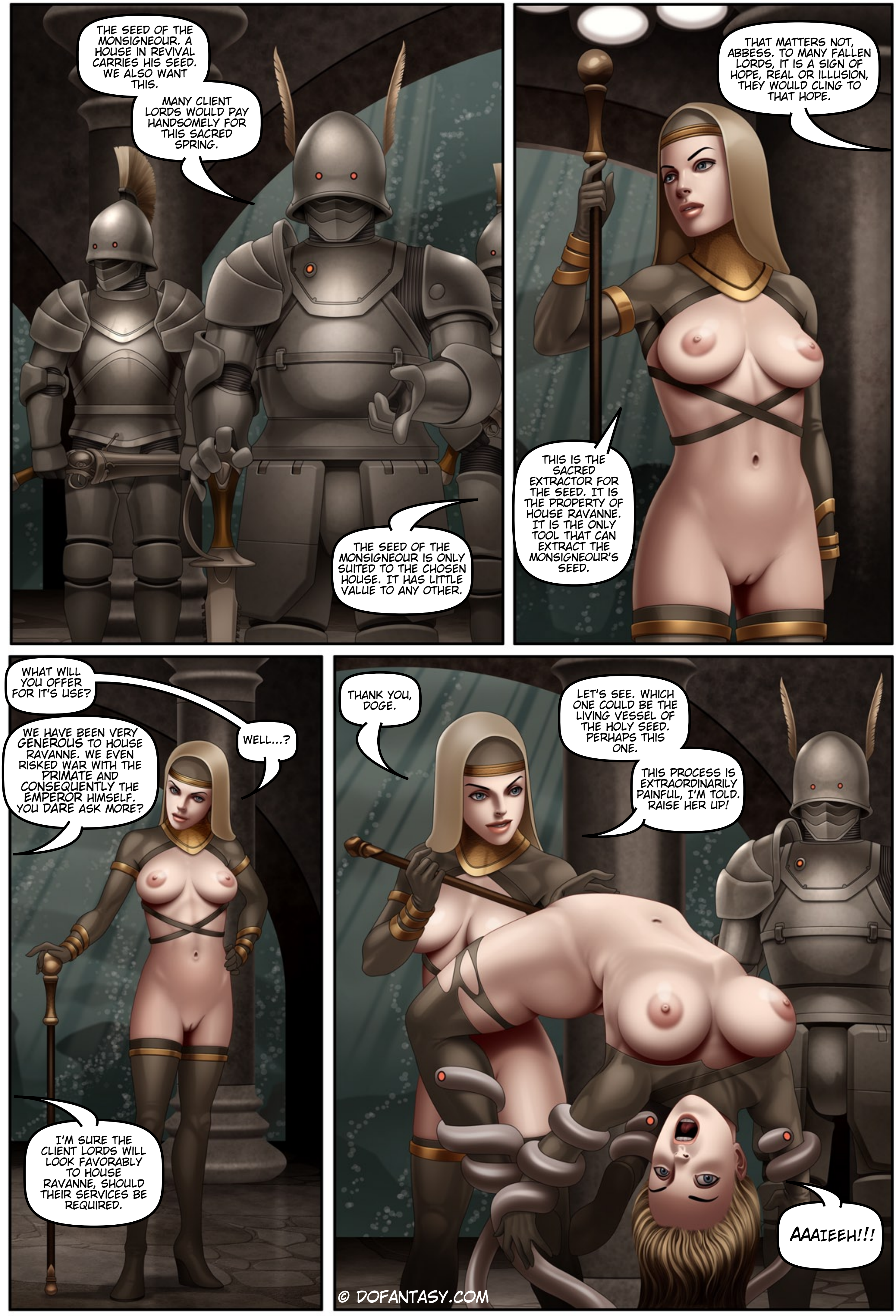

SHE'S CLIMAXING, SISTER!
NOW! DROP HER INTO THE POOL NOW!
YES, SISTER! RELEASING THE CRADLE LOCKS!
GOOD, SHE'S HAVING A FULL ORGASM. SHE'S HAVING UNCONTROLLED SPASMS AND CONVULSIONS. HER FLUTTERING IN THE WATER WOULD MAKE HER MORE ENTICING.
HUNGH!?
"VAGINAL FLUIDS WITH THE MIX OF BLOOD SHOULD LEAVE A STRONG ENOUGH TASTE IN THE WATER TO DRIVE THE BEAST MAD..."
"...LETTING GO OF HIS SUCCULENT PRIZE FOR US TO FISH OUT."
"BREAK OUT THE BRANKS."
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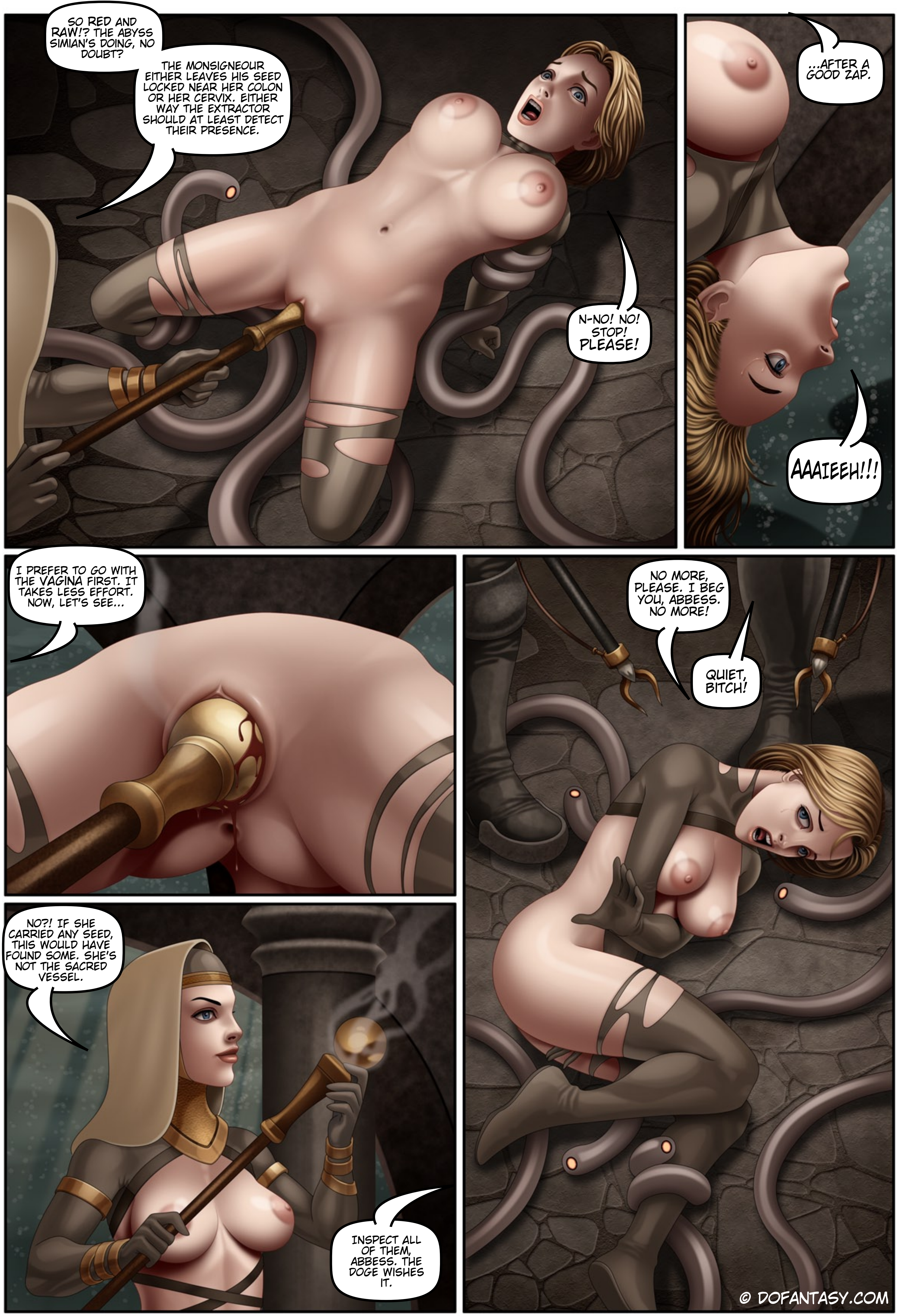

"HAVE THE EEL HOOKS BRING HER UP QUICKLY. THE BEAST MAY CHANGE IT'S MIND."
SHE'S REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS.
SHE WILL BE PRESENTED TO THE ABBESS. REMOVE ANYTHING THAT CAN BE USED AS A WEAPON.
MNNNH!
"WHAT OF SISTER GILLIE?"
"SHE'S FODDER FOR THE BEAST. NOTHING MORE CAN BE DONE FOR HER."
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"THE BEAST WILL TAKE IT'S TIME; PERHAPS SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE IT'S SPENT ITS SCUM."


"IF YOU'RE FEELING LUCKY? YOU CAN GO IN AND FISH HER OUT. BUT BY THIS TIME THEIR PROBABLY 10 FATHOMS DOWN."
"THE BEAST LIKES THE CRUSHING PRESSURE FOR A TIGHTER FIT."
WELCOME BACK TO THE LIVING, LADY OF AQUINIA.
DON'T MIND THE BRANKS AND GAG. YOU'RE VERY FORTUNATE THAT THE ABBESS HAS SPARED YOU FROM THE BEAST.
HNNNH!
REST ASSURED THAT THINGS WILL BE CONSIDERABLY WORSE FOR YOU, FOR I CAN NOT SEE THE PURPOSE OF SACRIFICING OUR DEAR SISTER FOR YOUR WORTHLESS ARSE.
"WE'VE LOST MANY SISTERS TO THAT CREATURE."
"TOMORROW WE'LL NEED TO VENT THE SEA GATE GROTTO. HOPEFULLY; WE WILL FIND ENOUGH REMAINS OF OUR SISTER GILLIE FOR A DESCENT BURIAL CEREMONY IN THE MORNING."

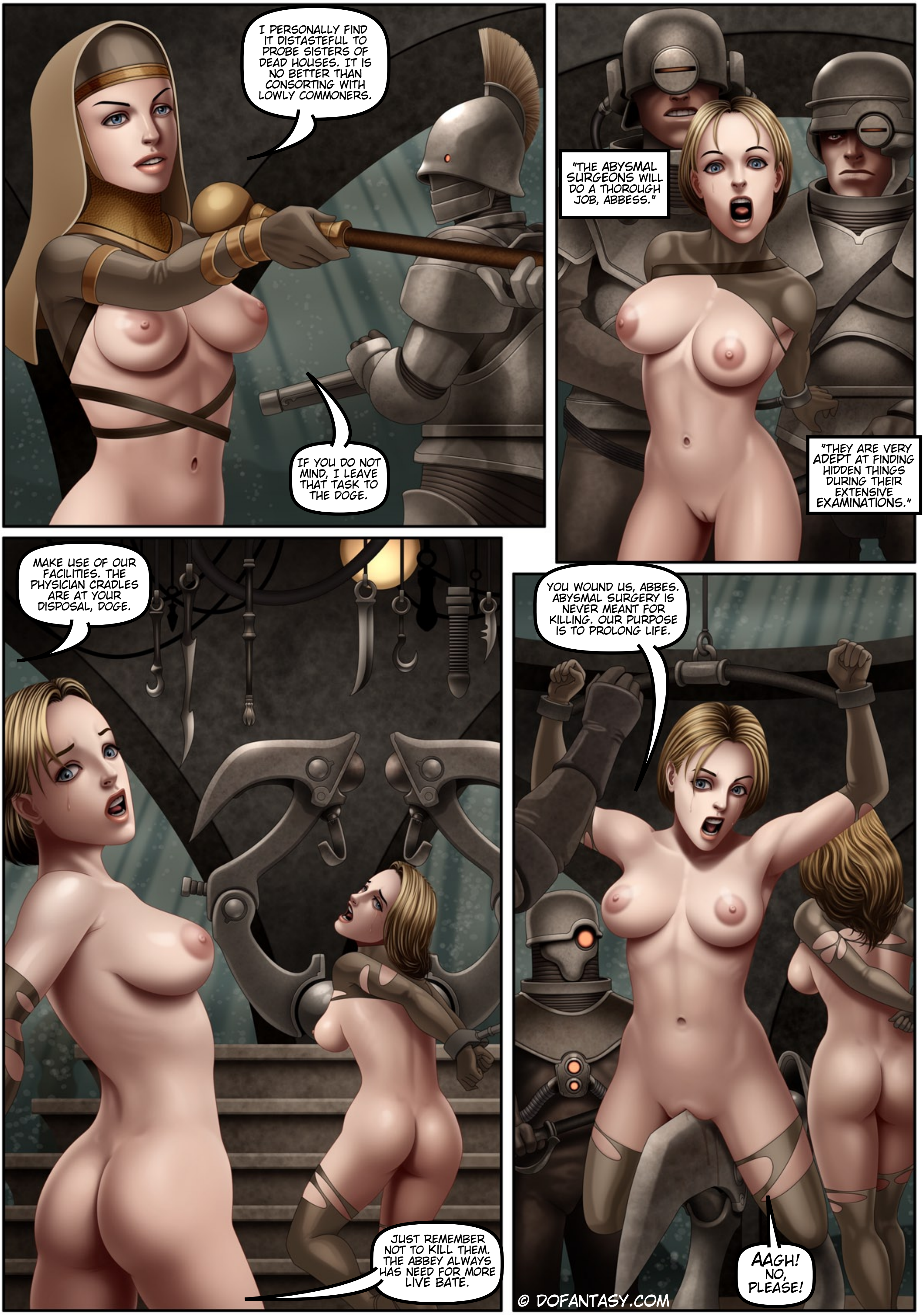

"INCOMING TRANSMISSION FROM THE COMMAND SHIP, ABBESS. IT IS FROM HIS EMINENCE."
"THIS TRANSGRESSION WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN NOR FORGIVEN, ABBESS!"
"SAVE YOUR WORDS, MONSIGNEOUR. IN THE ABSENCE OF ANY POSSIBILITY OF ACTION, IDLE THREATS ACQUIRE AN AIR OF PETTINESS. A LESS THAN DESIRABLE TRAIT FOR A MAN IN YOUR POSITION."
"THIS CHANGES NOTHING, ABBESS. YOU REMAIN AMONG THE DAMNED AND ALL OTHERS WHO SEEK TO ALLY WITH YOU."
SO WE ARE AGREED. THE PRIMATE FLEET, WITH IT'S COMPLEMENT OF TEUTONIC KNIGHTS MAY DEPART FROM TEMPEST'S SPACE UNHINDERED.
YES. BUT WITH A GREAT DEAL OF RESERVATION, ABBESS.
THE DOGE WILL STAY THEIR HAND. AND FOR THEIR SERVICE TO HOUSE RAVANNE, THEY MAY TAKE THEIR PICK...
...FROM ANY OF THE RESPECTABLE SISTERS OF THE ABBEY OF WHICH WILL BE SUBJECTED TO A THOROUGH INSPECTION.
GOD, NO!
WE PLEAD FOR THE HOLINESS' INTERCESSION!
SILENCE! THE DECISIONS ARE FINAL.
NO, DON'T ABANDON US!
DON'T LEAVE US AT THEIR MERCY, MONSIGNEOUR.


"BE WARY, ABBESS. ALLIANCE WITH THE DOGE BEARS BITTER FRUITS."
"ONCE THEY HAVE THEIR 'POUND OF FLESH', THEY ARE QUICK TO TURN."
"I WILL TAKE THAT INTO ADVISEMENT. BUT, MONSIGNEOUR... WILL YOU NOT INQUIRE ON THE HEALTH AND WELL BEING OF THE CHASTE SISTERS OF HOUSE AQUINIA?"
THERE IS NO MORE HOUSE AQUINIA, ABBESS. THIS WAS THEIR ONLY CHANCE TO BE PROVEN WORTHY OF REVIVAL. IT SERVES NO PURPOSE TO SPEAK OF THEM ANY FURTHER.
A BIT HARSH, MONSIGNEOUR.
THE UNIVERSE IS HARSH, ABBESS. AND IT WILL BE FAR HARSHER SHOULD I RETURN.
NO!
BE QUIET!
IF THEY STILL LIVE, YOU MAY DO WITH THEM WHAT YOU WILL. WE HAVE OTHER MATTER TO ATTEND TO. ADIEU, ABBESS.
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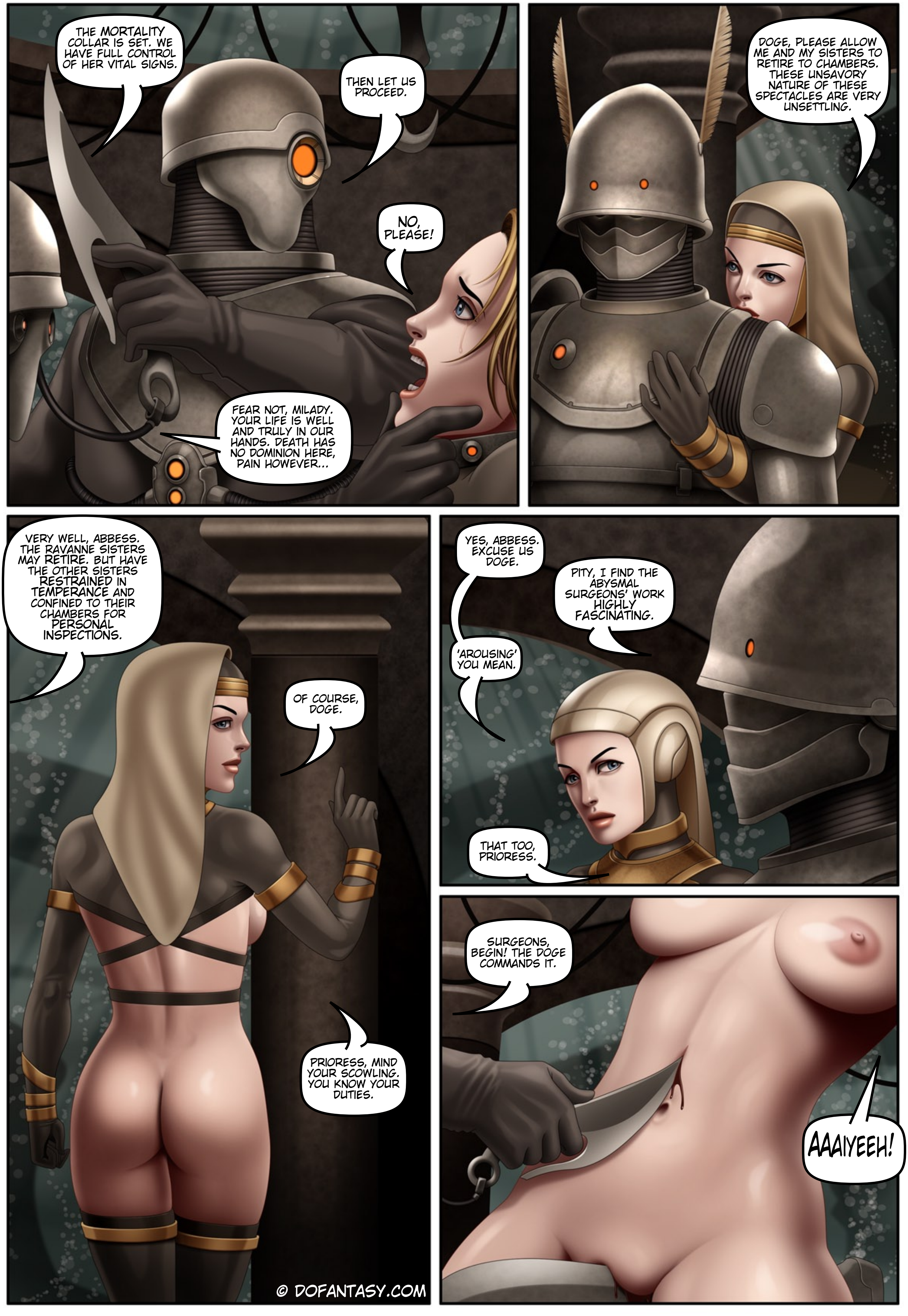

THE SEED OF THE MONSIGNEOUR. A HOUSE IN REVIVAL CARRIES HIS SEED. WE ALSO WANT THIS.
MANY CLIENT LORDS WOULD PAY HANDSOMELY FOR THIS SACRED SPRING.
THE SEED OF THE MONSIGNEOUR IS ONLY SUITED TO THE CHOSEN HOUSE. IT HAS LITTLE VALUE TO ANY OTHER.
THAT MATTERS NOT, ABBESS. TO MANY FALLEN LORDS, IT IS A SIGN OF HOPE, REAL OR ILLUSION, THEY WOULD CLING TO THAT HOPE.
THIS IS THE SACRED EXTRACTOR FOR THE SEED. IT IS THE PROPERTY OF HOUSE RAVANNE. IT IS THE ONLY TOOL THAT CAN EXTRACT THE MONSIGNEOUR'S SEED.
WHAT WILL YOU OFFER FOR IT'S USE?
WELL...?
WE HAVE BEEN VERY GENEROUS TO HOUSE RAVANNE. WE EVEN RISKED WAR WITH THE PRIMATE AND CONSEQUENTLY THE EMPEROR HIMSELF. YOU DARE ASK MORE?
I'M SURE THE CLIENT LORDS WILL LOOK FAVORABLY TO HOUSE RAVANNE, SHOULD THEIR SERVICES BE REQUIRED.
THANK YOU, DOGE.
LET'S SEE. WHICH ONE COULD BE THE LIVING VESSEL OF THE HOLY SEED. PERHAPS THIS ONE.
THIS PROCESS IS EXTRAORDINARILY PAINFUL, I'M TOLD. RAISE HER UP!
AAAIEEH!!!

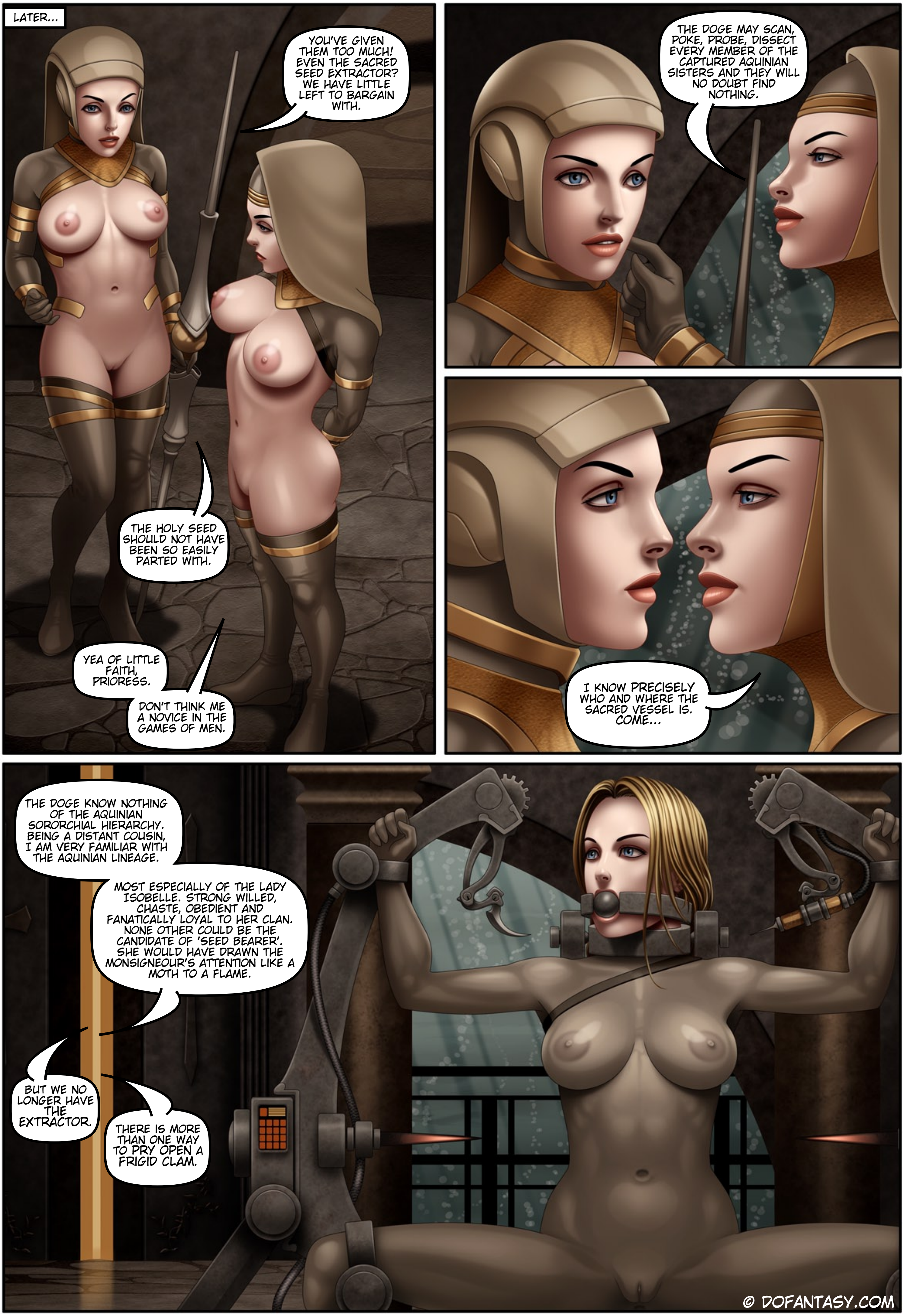


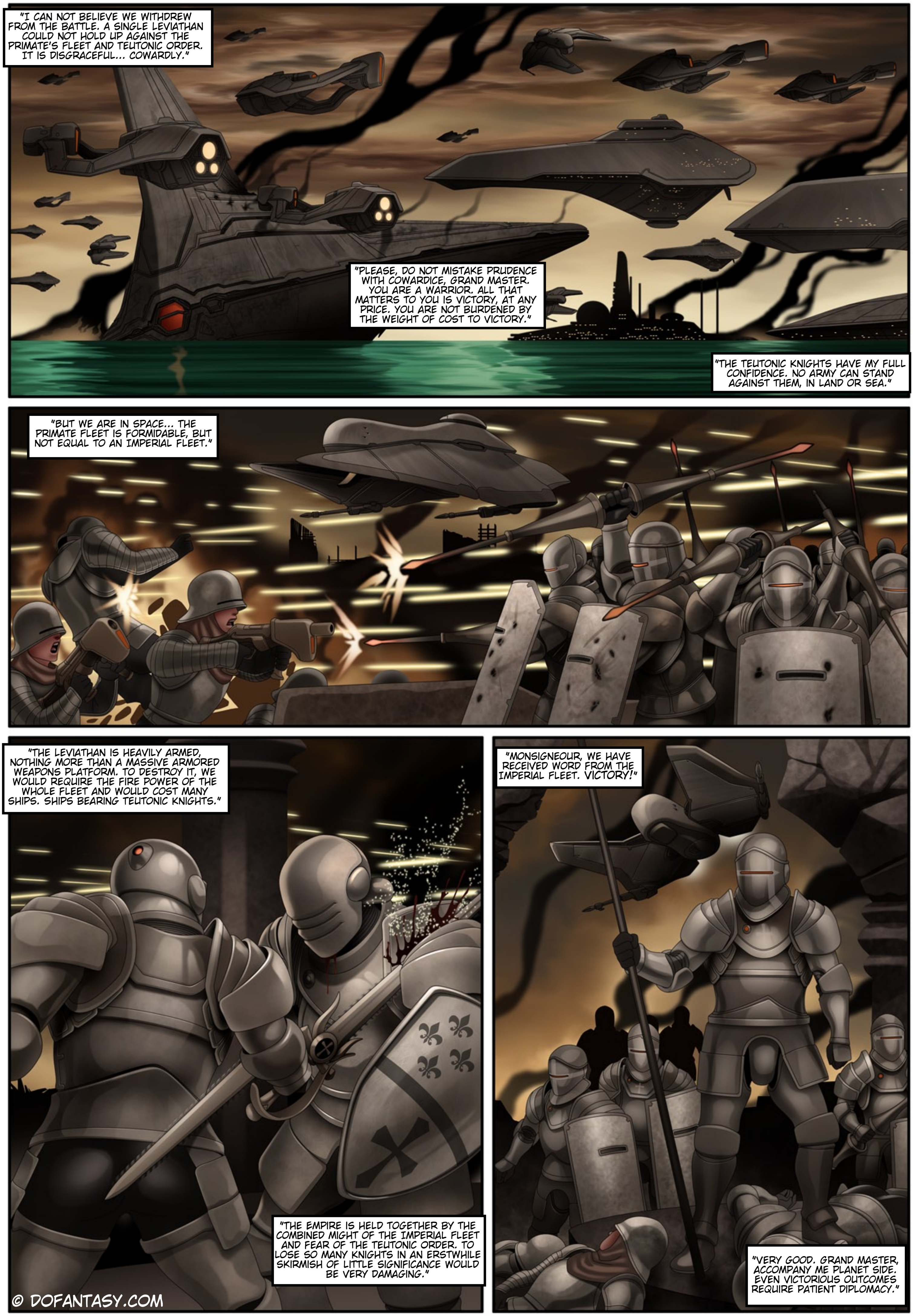
SO RED AND RAW!? THE ABYSS SIMIAN'S DOING, NO DOUBT?
THE MONSIGNEOUR EITHER LEAVES HIS SEED LOCKED NEAR HER COLON OR HER CERVIX. EITHER WAY THE EXTRACTOR SHOULD AT LEAST DETECT THEIR PRESENCE.
N-NO! NO! STOP! PLEASE!
...AFTER A GOOD ZAP.
AAAIEEH!!!
I PREFER TO GO WITH THE VAGINA FIRST. IT TAKES LESS EFFORT. NOW, LET'S SEE...
NO?! IF SHE CARRIED ANY SEED, THIS WOULD HAVE FOUND SOME. SHE'S NOT THE SACRED VESSEL.
INSPECT ALL OF THEM, ABBESS. THE DOGE WISHES IT.
NO MORE, PLEASE. I BEG YOU, ABBESS. NO MORE!
QUIET, BITCH!
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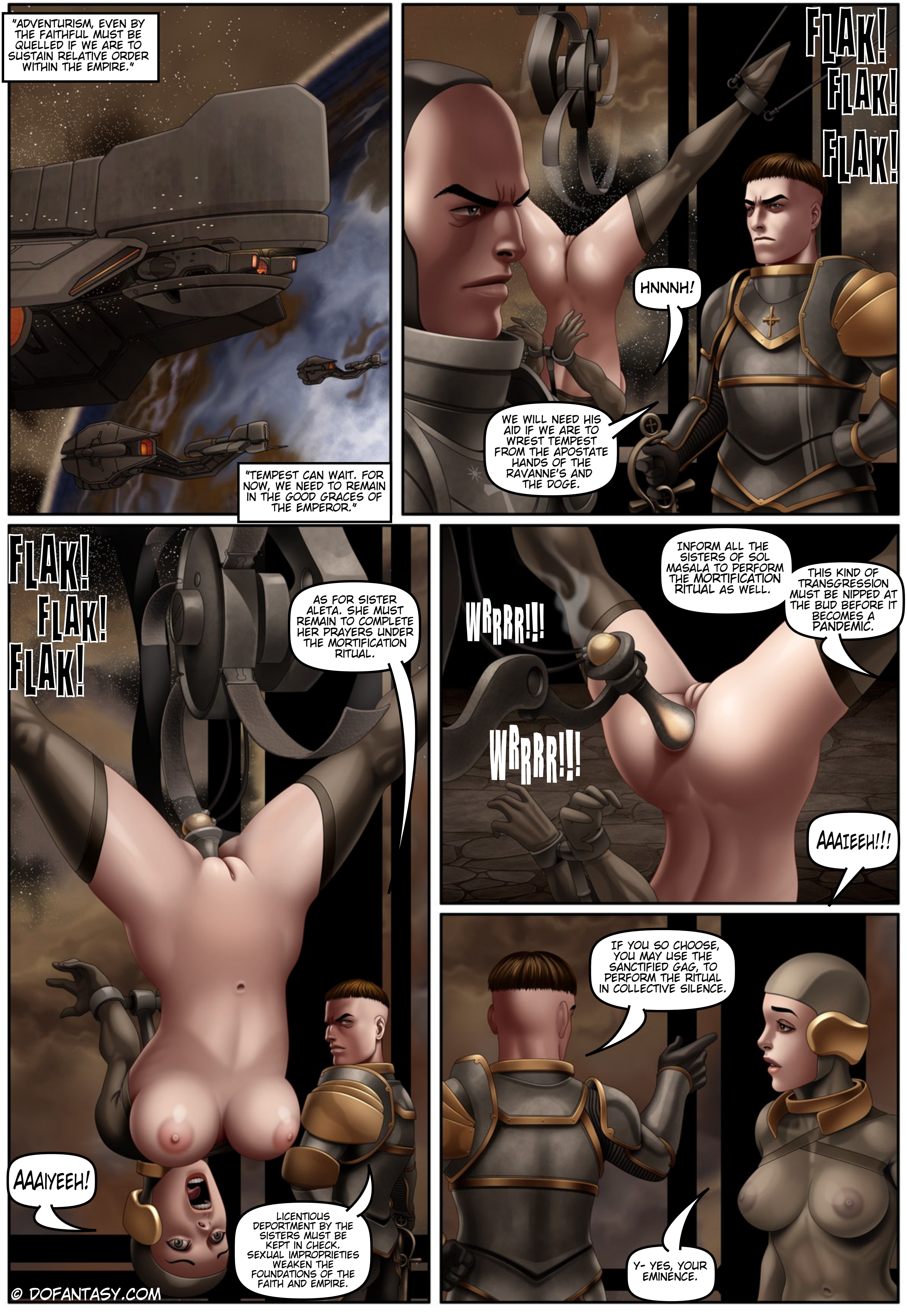
I PERSONALLY FIND IT DISTASTEFUL TO PROBE SISTERS OF DEAD HOUSES. IT IS NO BETTER THAN CONSORTING WITH LOWLY COMMONERS.
IF YOU DO NOT MIND, I LEAVE THAT TASK TO THE DOGE.
"THE ABYSMAL SURGEONS WILL DO A THOROUGH JOB, ABBESS."
"THEY ARE VERY ADEPT AT FINDING HIDDEN THINGS DURING THEIR EXTENSIVE EXAMINATIONS."
MAKE USE OF OUR FACILITIES. THE PHYSICIAN CRADLES ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL, DOGE.
JUST REMEMBER NOT TO KILL THEM. THE ABBEY ALWAYS HAS NEED FOR MORE LIVE BATE.
YOU WOUND US, ABBES. ABYSMAL SURGERY IS NEVER MEANT FOR KILLING. OUR PURPOSE IS TO PROLONG LIFE.
AAGH! NO, PLEASE!
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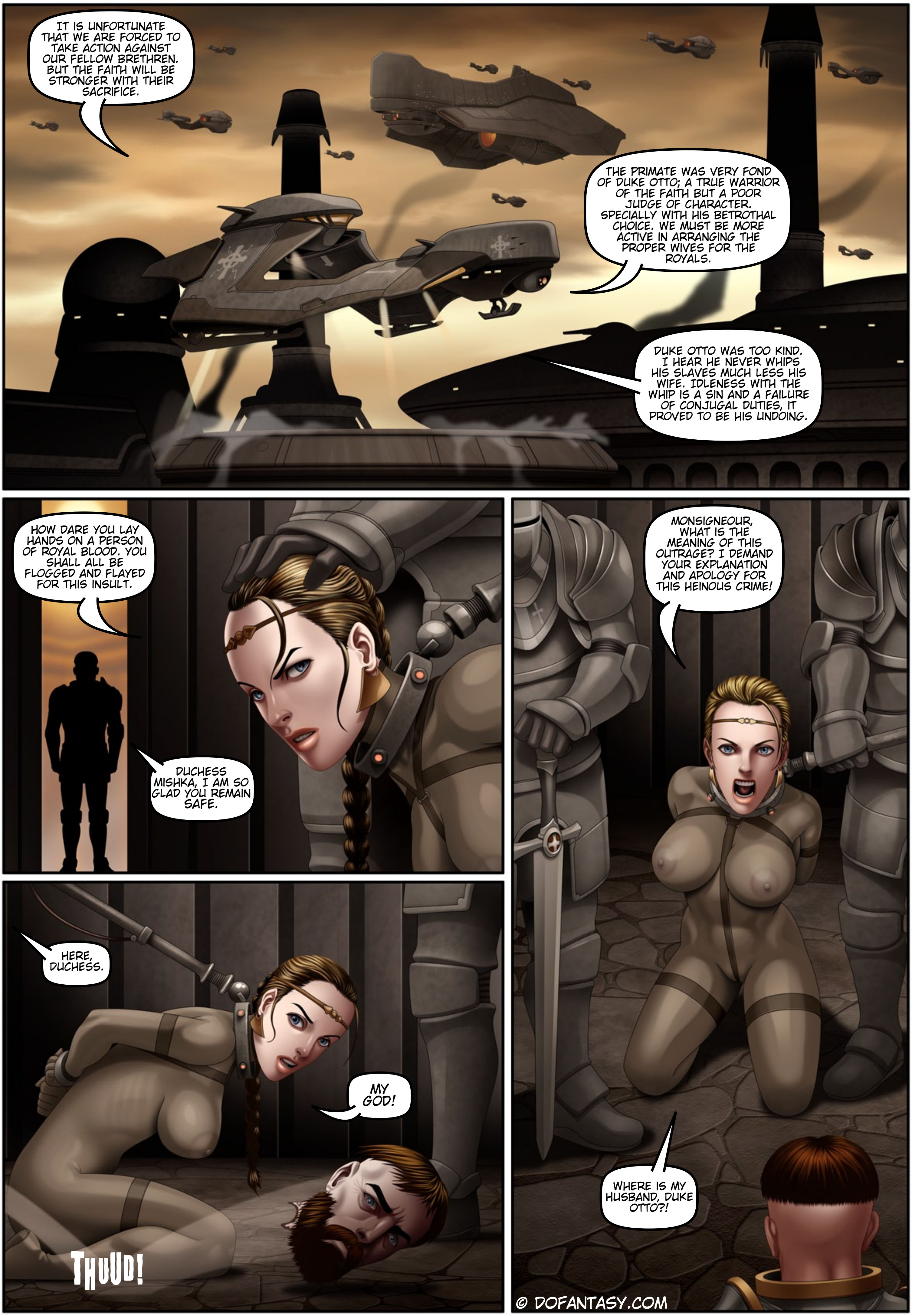

THE MORTALITY COLLAR IS SET. WE HAVE FULL CONTROL OF HER VITAL SIGNS.
THEN LET US PROCEED.
NO, PLEASE!
FEAR NOT, MILADY. YOUR LIFE IS WELL AND TRULY IN OUR HANDS. DEATH HAS NO DOMINION HERE, PAIN HOWEVER...
DOGE, PLEASE ALLOW ME AND MY SISTERS TO RETIRE TO CHAMBERS. THESE UNSAVORY NATURE OF THESE SPECTACLES ARE VERY UNSETTLING.
VERY WELL, ABBESS. THE RAVANNE SISTERS MAY RETIRE. BUT HAVE THE OTHER SISTERS RESTRAINED IN TEMPERANCE AND CONFINED TO THEIR CHAMBERS FOR PERSONAL INSPECTIONS.
OF COURSE, DOGE.
PRIORESS, MIND YOUR SCOWLING. YOU KNOW YOUR DUTIES.
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YES, ABBESS. EXCUSE US DOGE.
PITY, I FIND THE ABYSMAL SURGEONS' WORK HIGHLY FASCINATING.
'AROUSING' YOU MEAN.
THAT TOO, PRIORESS.
SURGEONS, BEGIN! THE DOGE COMMANDS IT.
AAAIYEEH!

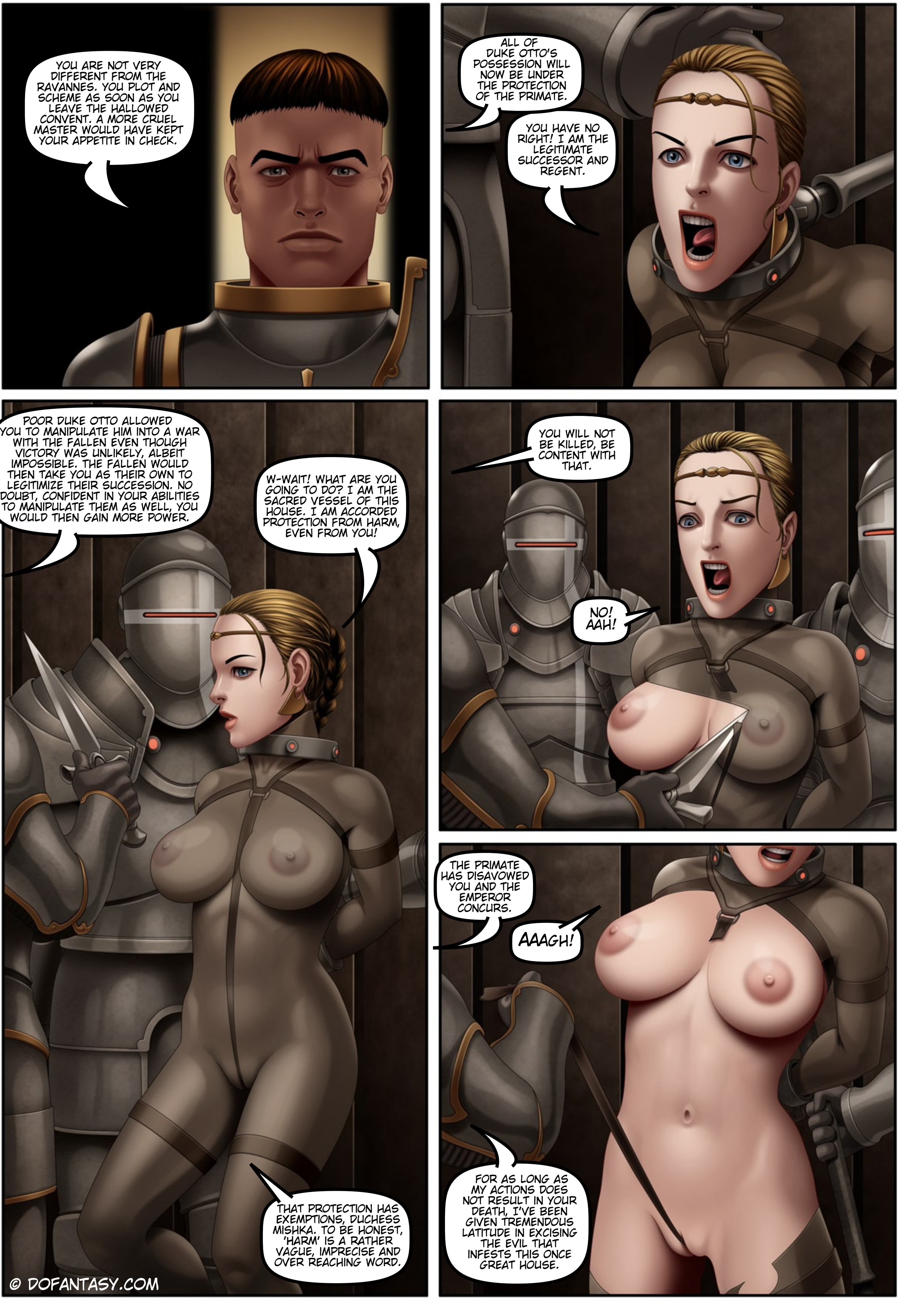

LATER...
YOU'VE GIVEN THEM TOO MUCH! EVEN THE SACRED SEED EXTRACTOR? WE HAVE LITTLE LEFT TO BARGAIN WITH.
THE HOLY SEED SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO EASILY PARTED WITH.
YEA OF LITTLE FAITH, PRIORESS.
DON'T THINK ME A NOVICE IN THE GAMES OF MEN.
THE DOGE MAY SCAN, POKE, PROBE, DISSECT EVERY MEMBER OF THE CAPTURED AQUINIAN SISTERS AND THEY WILL NO DOUBT FIND NOTHING.
I KNOW PRECISELY WHO AND WHERE THE SACRED VESSEL IS. COME...
THE DOGE KNOW NOTHING OF THE AQUINIAN SORORCHIAL HIERARCHY. BEING A DISTANT COUSIN, I AM VERY FAMILIAR WITH THE AQUINIAN LINEAGE.
MOST ESPECIALLY OF THE LADY ISOBELLE. STRONG WILLED, CHASTE, OBEDIENT AND FANATICALLY LOYAL TO HER CLAN. NONE OTHER COULD BE THE CANDIDATE OF 'SEED BEARER'. SHE WOULD HAVE DRAWN THE MONSIGNEOUR'S ATTENTION LIKE A MOTH TO A FLAME.
BUT WE NO LONGER HAVE THE EXTRACTOR.
THERE IS MORE THAN ONE WAY TO PRY OPEN A FRIGID CLAM.
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"I CAN NOT BELIEVE WE WITHDREW FROM THE BATTLE. A SINGLE LEVIATHAN COULD NOT HOLD UP AGAINST THE PRIMATE'S FLEET AND TEUTONIC ORDER. IT IS DISGRACEFUL... COWARDLY."
"PLEASE, DO NOT MISTAKE PRUDENCE WITH COWARDICE, GRAND MASTER. YOU ARE A WARRIOR. ALL THAT MATTERS TO YOU IS VICTORY, AT ANY PRICE. YOU ARE NOT BURDENED BY THE WEIGHT OF COST TO VICTORY."
"THE TEUTONIC KNIGHTS HAVE MY FULL CONFIDENCE. NO ARMY CAN STAND AGAINST THEM, IN LAND OR SEA."
"BUT WE ARE IN SPACE... THE PRIMATE FLEET IS FORMIDABLE, BUT NOT EQUAL TO AN IMPERIAL FLEET."
"THE LEVIATHAN IS HEAVILY ARMED, NOTHING MORE THAN A MASSIVE ARMORED WEAPONS PLATFORM. TO DESTROY IT, WE WOULD REQUIRE THE FIRE POWER OF THE WHOLE FLEET AND WOULD COST MANY SHIPS. SHIPS BEARING TEUTONIC KNIGHTS."
"THE EMPIRE IS HELD TOGETHER BY THE COMBINED MIGHT OF THE IMPERIAL FLEET AND FEAR OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER. TO LOSE SO MANY KNIGHTS IN AN ERSTWHILE SKIRMISH OF LITTLE SIGNIFICANCE WOULD BE VERY DAMAGING."
"MONSIGNEOUR, WE HAVE RECEIVED WORD FROM THE IMPERIAL FLEET. VICTORY!"
"VERY GOOD. GRAND MASTER, ACCOMPANY ME PLANET SIDE. EVEN VICTORIOUS OUTCOMES REQUIRE PATIENT DIPLOMACY."

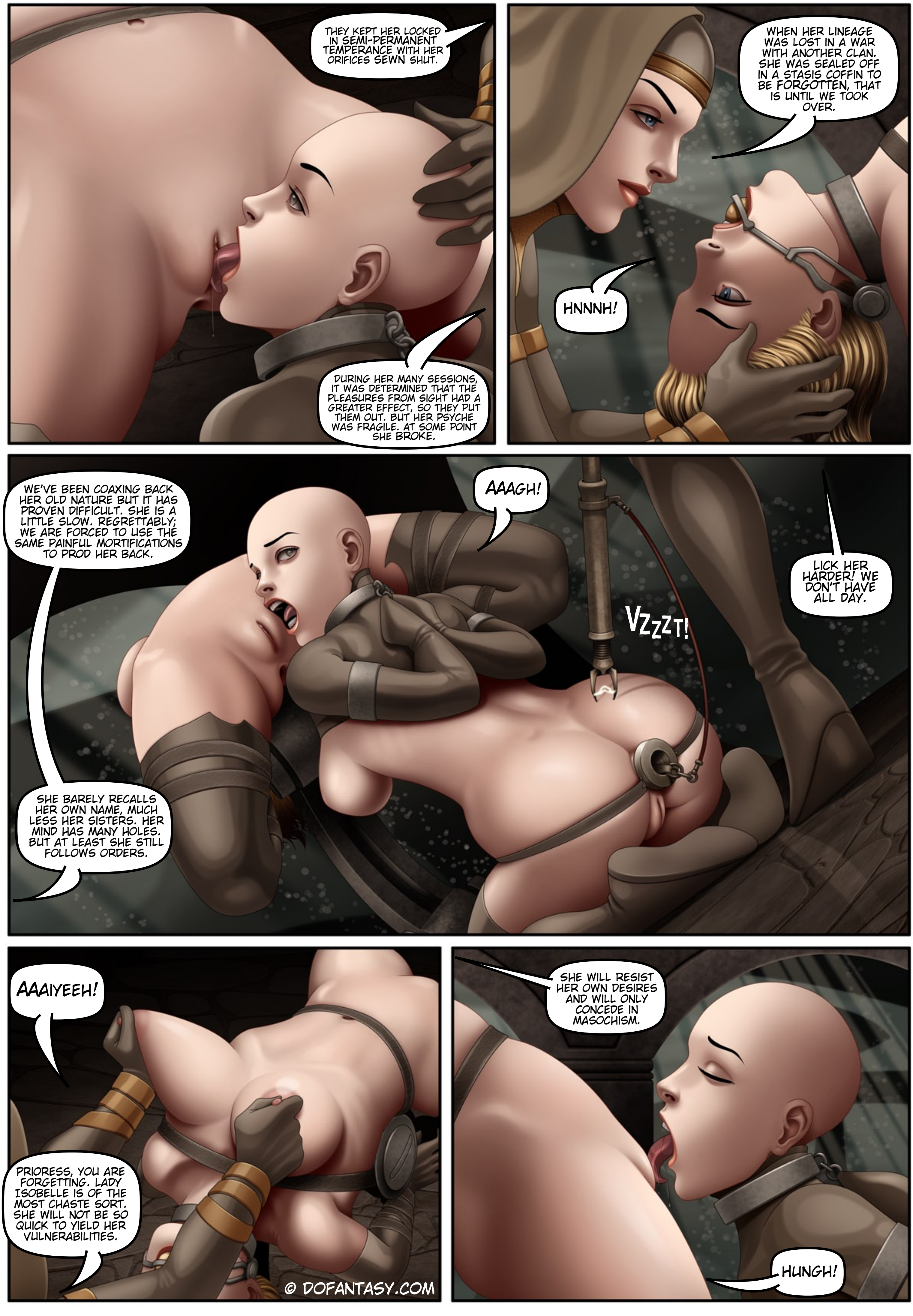

"ADVENTURISM, EVEN BY THE FAITHFUL MUST BE QUELLED IF WE ARE TO SUSTAIN RELATIVE ORDER WITHIN THE EMPIRE."
"TEMPEST CAN WAIT. FOR NOW, WE NEED TO REMAIN IN THE GOOD GRACES OF THE EMPEROR."
FLAK! FLAK! FLAK!
HNNNH!
WE WILL NEED HIS AID IF WE ARE TO WREST TEMPEST FROM THE APOSTATE HANDS OF THE RAVANNE'S AND THE DOGE.
FLAK! FLAK! FLAK!
AS FOR SISTER ALETA. SHE MUST REMAIN TO COMPLETE HER PRAYERS UNDER THE MORTIFICATION RITUAL.
AAAIYEEH!
LICENTIOUS DEPORTMENT BY THE SISTERS MUST BE KEPT IN CHECK. SEXUAL IMPROPRIETIES WEAKEN THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE FAITH AND EMPIRE.
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INFORM ALL THE SISTERS OF SOL MASALA TO PERFORM THE MORTIFICATION RITUAL AS WELL.
THIS KIND OF TRANSGRESSION MUST BE NIPPED AT THE BUD BEFORE IT BECOMES A PANDEMIC.
WRRRR!!!
WRRRR!!!
AAAIEEH!!!
IF YOU SO CHOOSE, YOU MAY USE THE SANCTIFIED GAG, TO PERFORM THE RITUAL IN COLLECTIVE SILENCE.
Y- YES, YOUR EMINENCE.

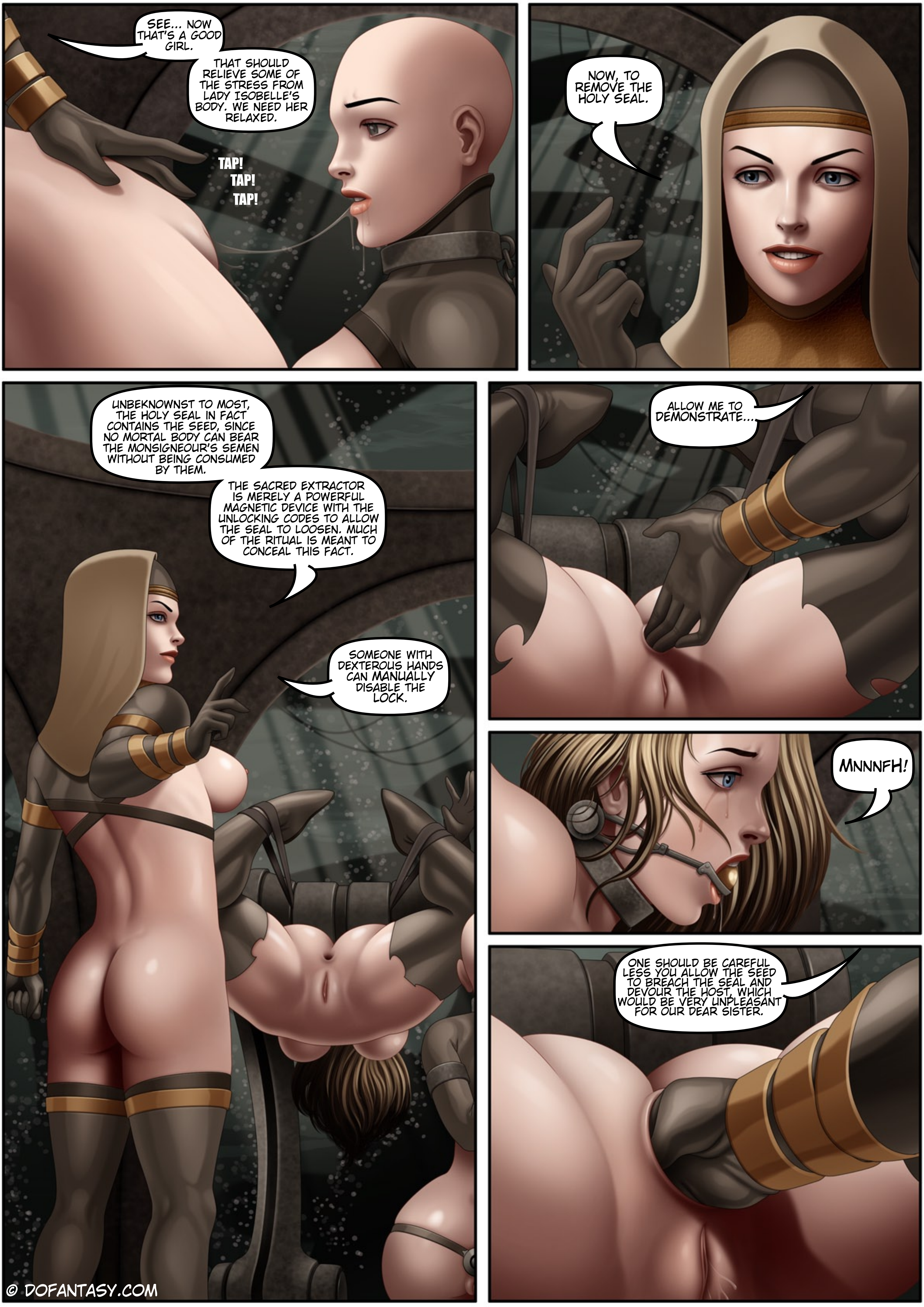

IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT WE ARE FORCED TO TAKE ACTION AGAINST OUR FELLOW BRETHREN. BUT THE FAITH WILL BE STRONGER WITH THEIR SACRIFICE.
THE PRIMATE WAS VERY FOND OF DUKE OTTO; A TRUE WARRIOR OF THE FAITH BUT A POOR JUDGE OF CHARACTER. SPECIALLY WITH HIS BETROTHAL CHOICE. WE MUST BE MORE ACTIVE IN ARRANGING THE PROPER WIVES FOR THE ROYALS.
DUKE OTTO WAS TOO KIND. I HEAR HE NEVER WHIPS HIS SLAVES MUCH LESS HIS WIFE. IDLENESS WITH THE WHIP IS A SIN AND A FAILURE OF CONJUGAL DUTIES, IT PROVED TO BE HIS UNDOING.
HOW DARE YOU LAY HANDS ON A PERSON OF ROYAL BLOOD. YOU SHALL ALL BE FLOGGED AND FLAYED FOR THIS INSULT.
DUCHESS MISHKA, I AM SO GLAD YOU REMAIN SAFE.
MONSIGNEOUR, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE? I DEMAND YOUR EXPLANATION AND APOLOGY FOR THIS HEINOUS CRIME!
HERE, DUCHESS.
MY GOD!
THUUD!
WHERE IS MY HUSBAND, DUKE OTTO?!
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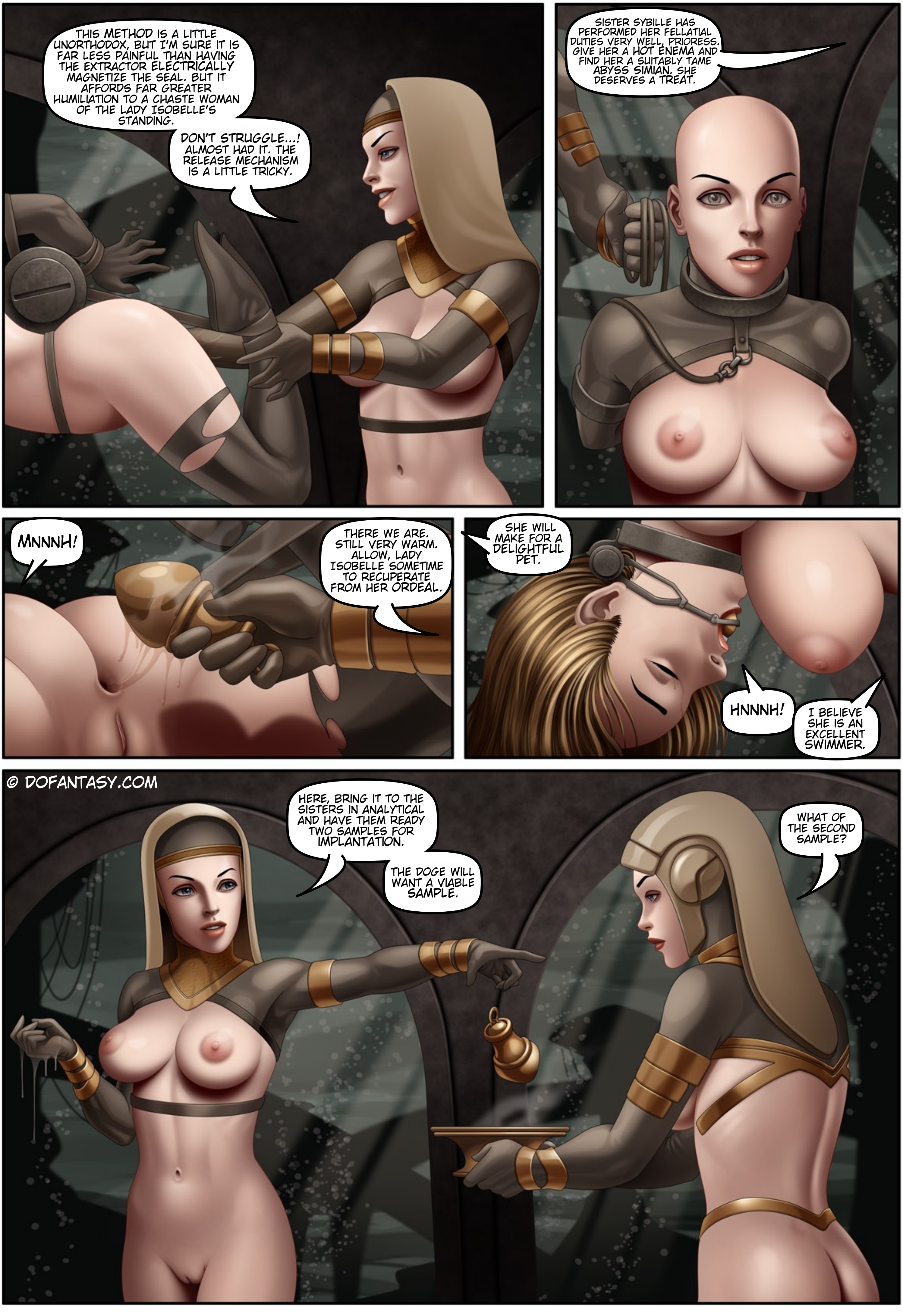

YOU ARE NOT VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE RAVANNES. YOU PLOT AND SCHEME AS SOON AS YOU LEAVE THE HALLOWED CONVENT. A MORE CRUEL MASTER WOULD HAVE KEPT YOUR APPETITE IN CHECK.
ALL OF DUKE OTTO'S POSSESSION WILL NOW BE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE PRIMATE.
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT! I AM THE LEGITIMATE SUCCESSOR AND REGENT.
POOR DUKE OTTO ALLOWED YOU TO MANIPULATE HIM INTO A WAR WITH THE FALLEN EVEN THOUGH VICTORY WAS UNLIKELY, ALBEIT IMPOSSIBLE. THE FALLEN WOULD THEN TAKE YOU AS THEIR OWN TO LEGITIMIZE THEIR SUCCESSION. NO DOUBT, CONFIDENT IN YOUR ABILITIES TO MANIPULATE THEM AS WELL, YOU WOULD THEN GAIN MORE POWER.
W-WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? I AM THE SACRED VESSEL OF THIS HOUSE. I AM ACCORDED PROTECTION FROM HARM, EVEN FROM YOU!
THAT PROTECTION HAS EXEMPTIONS, DUCHESS MISHKA. TO BE HONEST, 'HARM' IS A RATHER VAGUE, IMPRECISE AND OVER REACHING WORD.
YOU WILL NOT BE KILLED, BE CONTENT WITH THAT.
NO! AAH!
THE PRIMATE HAS DISAVOWED YOU AND THE EMPEROR CONCURS.
AAAGH!
FOR AS LONG AS MY ACTIONS DOES NOT RESULT IN YOUR DEATH, I'VE BEEN GIVEN TREMENDOUS LATITUDE IN EXCISING THE EVIL THAT INFESTS THIS ONCE GREAT HOUSE.
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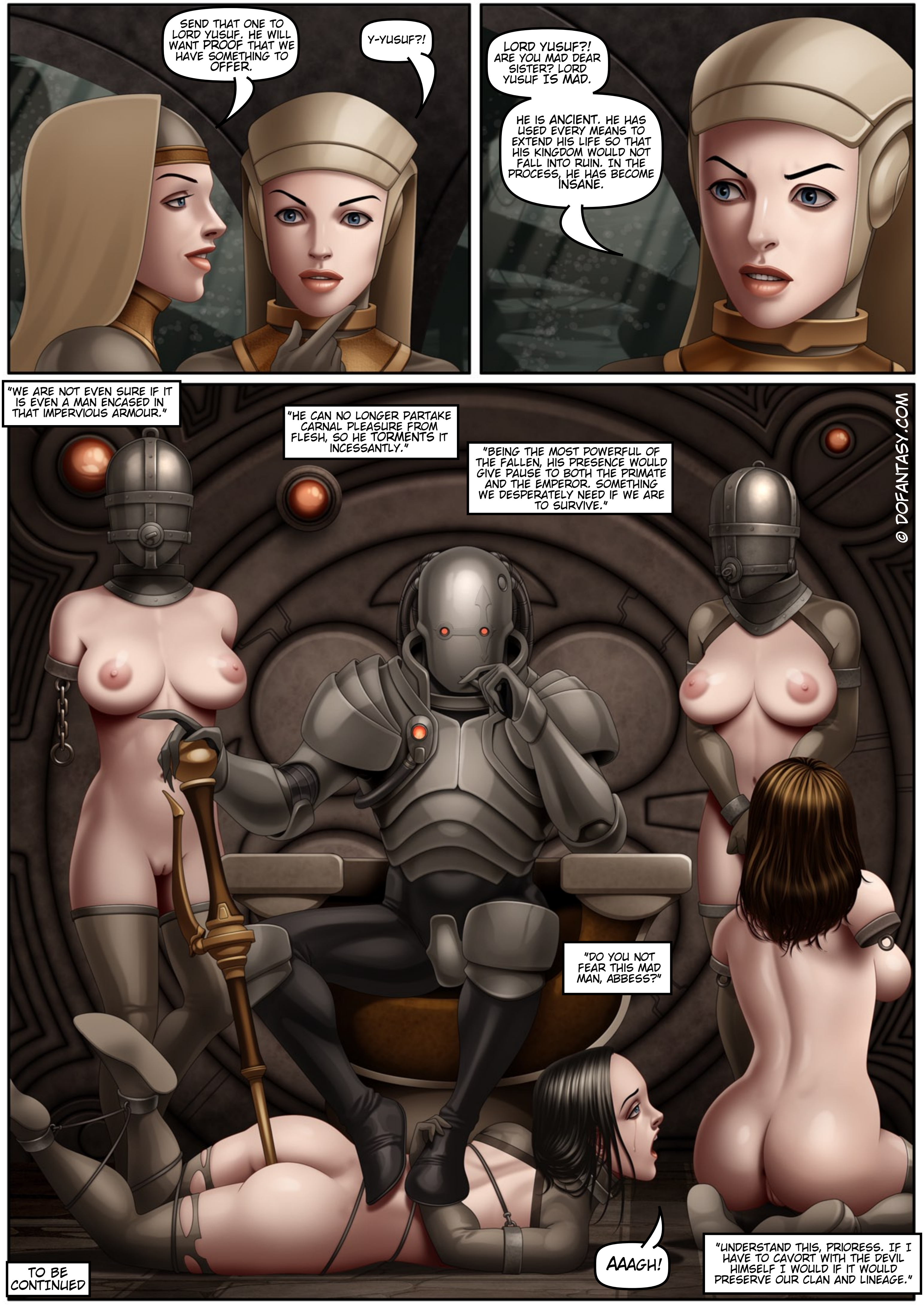


WE SHALL REBUILD BUT WITHOUT YOUR INFLUENCE. THERE IS YET NO DECISION WHETHER YOUR LINEAGE WILL BE EXPUNGED.
SO WE WILL STILL MAINTAIN A SMALL CONTINGENT OF YOUR SISTERS. YOU, HOWEVER...
WILL BE MADE BARREN AND BANISHED TO THE LANDS OF THE FALLEN. NO ROYAL BLOODLINE WILL PASS FROM YOUR WOMB.
TEMPEST...
MNNNH!
I HOPE YOU ARE ENJOYING YOUR STAY.
REMEMBER SISTER SYBILLE OF CENNA? SHE WAS OUR MENTOR WHEN WE WERE NOVICES.
SHE WAS A VERY SENSUAL CREATURE AND INTRODUCED US TO ALL MANNER OF FORBIDDEN PLEASURES.
THOUGH, SHE WAS VERY CAREFUL AND SECRETIVE, THE GRAND ABBESS UNCOVERED HER CLANDESTINE ACTIVITIES.
SHE WAS PUNISHED MOST SEVERELY AND RECONDITIONED TO DENY PLEASURE BY MEANS OF EXTENSIVE MORTIFICATIONS.


THEY KEPT HER LOCKED IN SEMI-PERMANENT TEMPERANCE WITH HER ORIFICES SEWN SHUT.
DURING HER MANY SESSIONS, IT WAS DETERMINED THAT THE PLEASURES FROM SIGHT HAD A GREATER EFFECT, SO THEY PUT THEM OUT. BUT HER PSYCHE WAS FRAGILE. AT SOME POINT SHE BROKE.
WHEN HER LINEAGE WAS LOST IN A WAR WITH ANOTHER CLAN. SHE WAS SEALED OFF IN A STASIS COFFIN TO BE FORGOTTEN, THAT IS UNTIL WE TOOK OVER.
HNNNH!
WE'VE BEEN COAXING BACK HER OLD NATURE BUT IT HAS PROVEN DIFFICULT. SHE IS A LITTLE SLOW. REGRETTABLY; WE ARE FORCED TO USE THE SAME PAINFUL MORTIFICATIONS TO PROD HER BACK.
AAAGH!
VZZZT!
LICK HER HARDER! WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY.
SHE BARELY RECALLS HER OWN NAME, MUCH LESS HER SISTERS. HER MIND HAS MANY HOLES. BUT AT LEAST SHE STILL FOLLOWS ORDERS.
AAAIYEEH!
PRIORESS, YOU ARE FORGETTING. LADY ISOBELLE IS OF THE MOST CHASTE SORT. SHE WILL NOT BE SO QUICK TO YIELD HER VULNERABILITIES.
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SHE WILL RESIST HER OWN DESIRES AND WILL ONLY CONCEDE IN MASOCHISM.
HUNGH!


SEE... NOW THAT'S A GOOD GIRL.
THAT SHOULD RELIEVE SOME OF THE STRESS FROM LADY ISOBELLE'S BODY. WE NEED HER RELAXED.
TAP! TAP! TAP!
NOW, TO REMOVE THE HOLY SEAL.
UNBEKNOWNST TO MOST, THE HOLY SEAL IN FACT CONTAINS THE SEED, SINCE NO MORTAL BODY CAN BEAR THE MONSIGNEOUR'S SEMEN WITHOUT BEING CONSUMED BY THEM.
THE SACRED EXTRACTOR IS MERELY A POWERFUL MAGNETIC DEVICE WITH THE UNLOCKING CODES TO ALLOW THE SEAL TO LOOSEN. MUCH OF THE RITUAL IS MEANT TO CONCEAL THIS FACT.
SOMEONE WITH DEXTEROUS HANDS CAN MANUALLY DISABLE THE LOCK.
ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE....
MNNNFH!
ONE SHOULD BE CAREFUL LESS YOU ALLOW THE SEED TO BREACH THE SEAL AND DEVOUR THE HOST, WHICH WOULD BE VERY UNPLEASANT FOR OUR DEAR SISTER.
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THIS METHOD IS A LITTLE UNORTHODOX, BUT I'M SURE IT IS FAR LESS PAINFUL THAN HAVING THE EXTRACTOR ELECTRICALLY MAGNETIZE THE SEAL. BUT IT AFFORDS FAR GREATER HUMILIATION TO A CHASTE WOMAN OF THE LADY ISOBELLE'S STANDING.
DON'T STRUGGLE...! ALMOST HAD IT. THE RELEASE MECHANISM IS A LITTLE TRICKY.
SISTER SYBILLE HAS PERFORMED HER FELLATIAL DUTIES VERY WELL, PRIORESS. GIVE HER A HOT ENEMA AND FIND HER A SUITABLY TAME ABYSS SIMIAN. SHE DESERVES A TREAT.
MNNNH!
THERE WE ARE. STILL VERY WARM. ALLOW, LADY ISOBELLE SOMETIME TO RECUPERATE FROM HER ORDEAL.
SHE WILL MAKE FOR A DELIGHTFUL PET.
HNNNH!
I BELIEVE SHE IS AN EXCELLENT SWIMMER.
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HERE, BRING IT TO THE SISTERS IN ANALYTICAL AND HAVE THEM READY TWO SAMPLES FOR IMPLANTATION.
THE DOGE WILL WANT A VIABLE SAMPLE.
WHAT OF THE SECOND SAMPLE?


SEND THAT ONE TO LORD YUSUF. HE WILL WANT PROOF THAT WE HAVE SOMETHING TO OFFER.
Y-YUSUF?!
LORD YUSUF?! ARE YOU MAD DEAR SISTER? LORD YUSUF IS MAD.
HE IS ANCIENT. HE HAS USED EVERY MEANS TO EXTEND HIS LIFE SO THAT HIS KINGDOM WOULD NOT FALL INTO RUIN. IN THE PROCESS, HE HAS BECOME INSANE.
"WE ARE NOT EVEN SURE IF IT IS EVEN A MAN ENCASED IN THAT IMPERVIOUS ARMOUR."
"HE CAN NO LONGER PARTAKE CARNAL PLEASURE FROM FLESH, SO HE TORMENTS IT INCESSANTLY."
"BEING THE MOST POWERFUL OF THE FALLEN, HIS PRESENCE WOULD GIVE PAUSE TO BOTH THE PRIMATE AND THE EMPEROR. SOMETHING WE DESPERATELY NEED IF WE ARE TO SURVIVE."
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"DO YOU NOT FEAR THIS MAD MAN, ABBESS?"
AAAGH!
"UNDERSTAND THIS, PRIORESS. IF I HAVE TO CAVORT WITH THE DEVIL HIMSELF I WOULD IF IT WOULD PRESERVE OUR CLAN AND LINEAGE."
TO BE CONTINUED

Tempest 2 PREVIEWS





Masque Returns!

Previews






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